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MY LOVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Away, away for many miles
Across the trembling sea,
My lover has gone this summer night,
And will never come home to me.
Never will look in my eyes again
And smile—in years and years—
Oh, I cannot see the fading ship
And the twilight sea for tears!

The summer wind that is stealing the dew
From every flower that grows,
Ruffling their leaves and finding the blush
Down in the heart of the rose,
Is cruel as ever a wind can be,
To bear him away so far,
Across the trembling twilight sea,
In the track of the evening star!

I will cover my finger-tips to-night
With a score of kisses sweet,
And throw them over the cool blue waves
That are murmuring at my feet:
In hopes they will bear them out to him,
To remember through years and years,
Oh, I cannot see the fading ship,
And the twilight sea for tears!

Cleveland, Ohio.

THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

It was in October when Mrs. Montgomery, after a residence of three years in the Allen House, went from among us. Old "Aunty," and another colored servant who had lived with Mrs. Allen, remained in charge of the mansion. There was of course, no removal of furniture, as that belonged to the estate. Mrs. Montgomery had brought with her three servants from England, a coachman, footman, and maid. The footman was sent back after he had been a year in the country; but the coachman and maid still lived with her, and accompanied her to Boston.

The large schemes of men ambitious for gain, will not suffer them to linger by the way. Ralph Dewey had set his mind on getting possession, jointly with others, of the valuable Allen property; and as the Court had granted a decree of sale, he urged upon his father-in-law and uncle an early day for its consummation. They were in heart, honorable men, but they had embarked in grand enterprizes with at least one dishonest compeer, and were carried forward by an impulse which they had not the courage or force of character to resist. They thought that spring would be the best time to offer the property for sale; but Dewey urged the fall as more consonant with their views, and so the sale was fixed for the first day of November. Notice was given in the country papers, and Dewey engaged to see that the proposed sale was duly advertised in Boston and New York. He managed, however, to omit that part of his duty.

On the day of sale, quite a company of curious people assembled at the Allen House, but when the property was offered, only a single bid was offered. That came from Dewey, as the representative of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co., and it was awarded to them for the sum of thirty-five thousand dollars, a little more than half its real value.

From that time until spring opened, all remained quiet. Then began the busy hum of preparation, and great things for our town foreshadowed themselves. A hundred men went to work on the site chosen for a new mill, digging, blasting, and hauling; while carpenters and masons were busy in and around the old mansion, with a view to its thorough renovation, as the future residence of Mr. Ralph Dewey. That gentleman was on the ground, moving about with a self-sufficient air, and giving his orders in a tone of authority that most of the work people felt to be offensive.

The antiquated furniture in the Allen House, rich though it was in style and finish, would not suit our prospective millionaire, and it was all sent to auction. From the auctioneers, it was scattered among the town's people, who obtained some rare bargains. An old French secretary came into my possession, at the cost of ten dollars—the original owner could not have paid less than a hundred. It was curiously inlaid with satin wood, and rich in quaint carvings. There seemed to be no end to the discoveries I was continually making among its intricate series of drawers, pigeon holes, slides, and hidden receptacles. But some one had preceded me in the examination, and removed all the papers and documents it contained. It flashed across my mind, as I explored the mazes of this old piece of furniture, that it might contain, in some secret drawer, another will. This thought caused the blood to leap along my veins, my cheeks to burn, and my hands to tremble. I renewed the examination, at first hurriedly; then with order and deliberation, taking out each drawer, and feeling carefully all around the cavity left by its removal, in the hope of touching some hidden spring. But the search was fruitless. One drawer perplexed me considerably. I could not pull it clear out, nor get access above or below to see how closely the various partitions and compartments came up to its sides, top, and bottom. After working with it for some time, I gave up the search, and my enthusiasm in this direction soon died out. I smiled to myself many times afterwards, in thinking of the idle fancy which for a time possessed me.

In May, the furnishing of the renovated house began. This took nearly a month. Everything was brought from New York. Car loads of enormous boxes, bales, and articles not made up into packages, were constantly arriving at the depot, and being conveyed to the Allen House—the designation which the property retains even to this day. The furniture was of the richest kind—the carpets, curtains, and mirrors, princely in elegance. When all was ready for the proud owners to come in and enjoy their splendid home, it was thrown open for examination and admiration. All S——— went to see the show, and wander in dreamy amazement through parlors, halls and chambers. I went with the rest. The change seemed like the work of magic. I could with difficulty make out the old landmarks. The spacious rooms, newly painted, and decked out in rich, modern furniture, looked still more spacious. In place of the whitewashed ceilings and dingy papered walls, graceful frescoes spread their light figures, entrancing the eyes with their marvellous semblances. The great hall received you with a statelier formality than before; for it, too, had received also its gift of painting, and its golden broideries. As you passed from room to room, you said—"This is the palace of a prince—not the abode of a citizen."

The grounds around the mansion had been subject to as thorough a renovation as the mansion itself. The old gate had given place to one of larger proportions, and more imposing design. A new carriage-road swept away in a grander curve from the gate to the dwelling. Substantial stone-stabling had been torn down in order to erect a fanciful carriage-house, built in imitation of a Swiss cottage; which, from its singular want of harmony with the principal buildings, stood forth a perpetual commentary upon the false taste of the upstart owner.

I hardly think that either Mr. Dewey or his wife would have been much flattered by the general tone of remark that ran through the curious crowds that lingered in the elegant rooms, or inspected the improvements out-side. Nobody liked him; and as for his wife, fashionable associations had so spoiled her, that not a single old friend retained either affection or respect. It was sad to think that three years of a false life could so entirely obliterate the good qualities that once blossomed in her soul with such a sweet promise of golden fruitage.

Early in June, the family of Mr. Dewey took possession of their new home, and the occasion was celebrated by a splendid entertainment, the cost of which, common rumor said, was over two thousand dollars. We—Constance and I—were among the invited guests. It was a festive scene, brilliant and extravagant beyond anything we had ever witnessed, and quite bewildering to minds like ours. Mrs. Dewey was dressed like a queen, and radiant in pearls and diamonds. I questioned her good taste in this, as hostess; and think she knew better—but the temptation to astonish the good people of S——— was too strong to be resisted.

After the curtain fell on this brilliant spectacle, Mrs. Dewey assumed a stately air, showing, on all occasions, a conscious superiority that was offensive to our really best people. There are in all communities a class who toady to the rich; and we had a few of these in S———. They flattered the Deweys, and basked in the sunshine of their inflated grandeur.

I was not one towards whom Mrs. Dewey put on superior airs. My profession brought me into a kind of relation to her that set aside all pretense. Very soon after her removal to S———, my servies were required in the family, one of her two children having been attacked with measles. On the occasion of my first call, I referred, naturally, to the fact of her removal from New York, and asked how she liked the change.

"I don't like it at all, Doctor," she replied, in a dissatisfied tone.

"Could heart desire more of elegance and comfort than you possess?" I glanced around the richly decorated apartment in which we were seated.

"Gilded misery, Doctor!" She emphasised her words.

I looked at her without speaking. She understood my expression of surprise.

"I need not tell you, Doctor, that a fine house and fine furniture are not everything in this world."

I thought her waking up to a better state of mind through the irrepressible yearnings of a soul that could find no sustenance amid the husks of this outer life.

"They go but a little way towards making up the aggregate of human happiness," said I.

"All well enough in their place. But, to my thinking, sadly out of place here. We must have society, Doctor."

"True." My voice was a little rough. I had mistaken her.

"But there is no society here!" And she tossed her head a little contemptuously.

"Not much fashionable society I will grant you, Delia."

She pursed up her lips and looked disagreeable.

"I shall die of ennui before six months. What am I to do with myself?"

"Act like a true woman," said I, firmly.

She lifted her eyes suddenly to my face as if I had presumed.

"Do your duty as a wife and mother," I added, "and there will be no danger of your dying with ennui."

"You speak as if I were derelict in this matter."

She drew herself up with some dignity of manner.

"I merely pr[illegible]remedy for a disease [illegible]ly. B[illegible]t act wisely and kindly. Do this, my young friend, and you will not be troubled with the fashionable complaint—ennui."

"That is, sink down into a mere housekeeper," she remarked. "Weigh out the flour; count the eggs; fill the sugar bowls; and grow learned in cookery-books. I think I see myself wandering about from cellar to garret jingling a great bunch of keys, prying into rubbish-corners, and scolding lazy cooks and idle chambermaids!"

She laughed a short, artificial laugh, and then added,

"Is that the picture of what you mean, Doctor?"

"It is the picture of a happier woman than you are, Delia," said I, seriously.

The suggestion seemed to startle her.

"You speak very confidently, Doctor."

"With the confidence of one who makes diseases and their cure his study. I know something of the human soul as well as the human body, and of the maladies to which both are subjected. A cure is hopeless in either case unless the patient will accept the remedy. Pain of body is the indicator of disease, and gives warning that an enemy to life has found a lodgement; pain of mind is the same phenomenon, only showing itself in a higher sphere, and for the same purpose. If you are unhappy, surrounded by all this elegance, and with the means of gratifying every orderly wish, it shows that an enemy to your soul has entered through some unguarded gateway. You cannot get rid of this enemy by any change of place, or by any new associations. Society will not help you. The excitement of shows; gauds, glitter, pageants; the brief triumphs gained in fashionable tournaments; will not expel this foe of your higher and nobler life—but only veil, for brief seasons, his presence from your consciousness. When these are past, and you retire into yourself, then comes back the pain, the languor, the excessive weariness. Is it not so, Delia? Is not this your sad experience?"

I paused. Her eyes had fallen to the floor. She sat very still, like one who was thinking deeply.

"The plodding housekeeper, whose picture you drew just now, humble, even mean in your regard though she be, sinks to peaceful sleep when her tasks are done, and rises refreshed at coming dawn. If she is happier than your fine lady whose dainty hands cannot bear the soil of these common things—why? Ponder this subject, Delia. It concerns you deeply. It is the happiest state in life that we all strive to gain; but you may lay it up in your heart as immutable truth, that happiness never comes to any one, except through a useful employment of all the powers which God has given to us. The idle are the most miserable—and none are more miserable in their ever recurring ennuied hours than your fashionable idlers. We see them only in their holiday attire tricked out for show, and radiant in reflected smiles. Alas! If we could go back with them to their homes, and sit beside them, unseen, in their lonely hours, would not pity fill our hearts? My dear young friend! Turn your feet aside from this way—it is the path that leads to unutterable wretchedness."

The earnestness of my manner added force to what I said, and constrained at least a momentary conviction.

"You speak strongly, Doctor," she said, with the air of one who could not look aside from an unpleasant truth.

"Not too strongly, Delia. Is it not as I have said? Are not your mere society-ladies too often miserable at home?"

She sighed heavily as if unpleasant images were forcing themselves upon the mind. I felt that I might follow up the impression I had made, and resumed,

"There was a time, Delia—and it lies only three or four short years backward on your path of life—when I read in your opening mind a promise of higher things than have yet been attained—you must pardon the freedom of an old but true friend. A time when thought, taste, feeling were all building for themselves a habitation, the stones whereof were truths, and the decorations within and without pure and good affections. All this—" glanced at the rich furniture, mirrors, and urtains—"is poor and mean to that dwelling ace of the soul, the foundations for which u once commenced laying. Are you happier w than then? Have the half bewildering xperiences through which you have passed tisfied you that you are in the right way? hat life's highest blessings are to be found in ese pageantries? Think, think, my dear young iend! Look inwards. Search into your eart, and try the quality of its motives. Examine the foundation upon which you are uilding, and if it is sand, in heaven's name op, and look for solid earth on which to ace the corner stone of your temple of happess."

"You bewilder me, Doctor," she said, in ply to this. "I can't think, I can't look inards. If I am building on a sandy foundan, God help me!—for I cannot turn back to arch for the solid earth of which you eak."

"But—"

She raised her hand and said:

"Spare me, Doctor. I know you are truthl and sincere—a friend who may be trusted but you cannot see as I see, nor know as I ow. I have chosen my way, and must walk it, even to the end, let it terminate as it ill. I had once a dream of other things—a reet, entrancing dream while it lasted—but me it can never be more than a dream.—here are quiet, secluded, peaceful ways in life, and happy are they who are content to walk in them. But they are not for my feet, and I do not envy those who hide themselves in tranquil valleys, or linger on the distant hill-slopes. The crowd, the hum, the shock of social life for me!"

"But this you cannot have in S———. And is it not the part of a wise woman—"

"Again, Doctor, let me beg of you to spare me," she said, lifting her hands, and turning her face partly away. "I only half comprehend you, and am hurt and disturbed by your well-meant suggestions. I am not a wise woman, in your sense of the word, and cannot take your admonitions to heart. Let us talk of something else."

And she changed the subject, as well as her whole manner and expression of countenance, with a promptness that surprised me; showing the existence of will and self-control that in a right direction would have given her large power for good.

It was the first and last time I ventured to speak with her so freely. Always afterwards, when we met, there was an impression of uneasiness on her part, as if she had an unpleasant remembrance, or feared that I would venture upon some disagreeable theme.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Steadily, under the busy hands of hundreds of workmen, the new buildings arose, stretching their far lengths along, and towering up, story after story. Steam, in addition to water power, was contemplated here also, for the looms and spindles to be driven were nearly twice the number contained in the other mill.

Disappointments and vexatious delays nearly always attend large building operations, and the present case formed no exception. The time within which everything was to be completed, and the mill to go into operation, was one year. Two years elapsed before the first bale of goods came through its ample doors, ready for market.

Of course there was a large expenditure of money in S———, and this was a great thing for our town. Property rose in value, houses were built, and the whole community felt that a new era had dawned—an era of growth and prosperity. Among other signs of advancement, was the establishment of a new Bank.—The "Clinton Bank" it was called. The charter had been obtained through the influence of Judge Bigelow, who had several warm personal friends in the Legislature. There was not a great deal of loose money in S——— to flow easily into bank stocks; but for all that, the shares were soon taken, and all the provisions of the charter complied with. Judge Bigelow subscribed freely; so did Squire Floyd and Mr. Dewey. Other townsmen, to the number of twenty or thirty, put down their names for a few shares. It was from New York, however, that the largest subscriptions came; and it was New York shareholders, voting by proxy, who elected the Board of Directors, and determined the choice of officers. Judge Bigelow was elected President, and a Mr. Joshua Kling, from New York, Cashier. The tellers and bookkeepers were selected from among our own people.

The Clinton Bank and the new mills went into operation about the same time. Years of prosperity followed. Money was plenty in our town, and everybody was growing better off.—Dewey was still the manufacturing partner of the large house in New York, whose demand for goods it seemed impossible to satisfy. He was a great man in S———. People spoke of him as possessing vast mental as well as money resources; as having expansive views of trade and finance; as being a man of extraordinary ability. I listened to all these things as I passed around among our citizens, plodding along in my profession, and managing to grow just a little better off each year; and wondered within myself if I were really mistaken in the man—if there was a solid basis of right judgment below all this splendid seeming.

And what of our friend Wallingford, during these busy years? Like myself, he moved so quietly through his round of professional duties, as to attract little attention. But he had been growing in all this time—growing in mental stature; and growing in the confidence of all just men. Judge Bigelow's interest in the mills, and in the new Bank, drew his attention so much away from his law cases, that clients began to grow dissatisfied, and this threw a great deal of excellent business into the hands of Wallingford, who, if not always successful in his cases, so managed them as to retain the confidence and good will of all who employed him. He got the character in our town of a safe adviser. If a man had a difficulty with a neighbor, and talked of law with him, in all probability some one would say—

"Go to Mr. Wallingford; he will tell you, on the spot, if there is any chance for you in Court."

And he bore this character justly. A thorn in the side he had proved to the three great mill owners, Judge Bigelow, Squire Floyd and Ralph Dewey. The two former failed entirely, in his view, as to the right steps for discovering the heirs to the large property in their hands, all of which had been changed from its original position; while the latter showed illfeeling whenever Wallingford, as he continued to do, at stated intervals, filed interrogatories and required answers as to the condition of the trust, and the prospect of finding heirs.

Ten years had elapsed since the discovery of Mrs. Allen's will, and yet no heirs had presented themselves. And now Mr. Wallingford took formal issue in the case, and demanded the property for his client, Mrs. Montgomery, who was still living in Boston with her daughter, in a retired way. Nearly one half of her income had been cut off, and her circumstances were, in consequence, greatly reduced.—Her health was feeble, having steadily declined since her removal from S———. An occasional letter passed between her and my wife; and it was in this way that I learned of her health and condition. How free was all she wrote from repining or despondency—how full of Christian faith, hope and patience! You could not read one of her letters without growing stronger for the right—without seeing the world as through a reversed telescope.

A time was fixed for hearing the case, which, now that it assumed this important shape, excited great interest among the people of S———. When the matter came fairly into court, Mr. Wallingford presented his clearly arranged documentary evidence, in proof of Mrs. Montgomery's identity as the sister of Captain Allen, and claimed the property as hers. He covered, in anticipation, every possible ground of objection; bringing forward, at the same time, such an array of precedents and decisions bearing upon the case, that it was clear to every one on which side the decision would lie.

At this important juncture a letter, postmarked in New York on the day before, was offered in court, and a demand, based on its contents, made for a stay of proceedings. It came from the Spanish Consul, and was addressed to Abel Bigelow and John Floyd, executors of the late Captain Allen, and notified them that he had just received letters from San Juan De Porto Rico, containing information as to the existence of an heir to the estate in the person of a boy named Leon Garcia, nephew to the late Mrs. Allen. The case was immediately laid over until the next term of court.

In the meantime, steps were promptly taken to ascertain the truth of this assumption. An agent was sent out to the island of Porto Rico, who brought back all the proofs needed to establish the claim, and also the lad himself, who was represented to be in his fourteenth year. He was a coarse, wicked looking boy, who, it was plain, had not yet fully awakened to a realizing sense of the good fortune that awaited him. A resolute opposition was made by Wallingford, but all the evidence adduced to prove Leon Garcia's relationship to Mrs. Allen was too clear, and so the court dismissed the case, and appointed Ralph Dewey as guardian to the boy, who was immediately placed at school in a neighboring town.

So ended this long season of suspense. Immediately on the decision of the case, Wallingford went to Boston to see Mrs. Montgomery, and remained absent nearly a week. I saw him soon after his return.

"How did she bear this final dashing of her hopes to the earth?" I asked.

"As any one who knew her well might have expected," he answered, with so little apparent feeling that I thought him indifferent.

"As a Christian philosopher," said I.

"You make use of exactly the right words," he remarked. "Yes, as a Christian philosopher. As one who thinks and reasons as well as feels. I have seen a great many so-called religious people in my time. People who had much to say about their spiritual experiences and hopes of heaven. But never one who so made obedience to the strict law of right, in all its plain, common-sense interpretations, a matter of common duty. I do not believe that for anything this world could offer her, Mrs. Montgomery would swerve a hair's breadth from justice. I have been in the position to see her tempted; have, myself, been the tempter over and over again during the ten years in which I represented her claims to the Allen estate; but her principles were immovable as the hills. Once, I shall never forget the incident—I pressed her to adopt a certain course of procedure, involving a law quibble, in order to get possession of the property. She looked at me for a moment or two, with a flushing face. Then her countenance grew serene, almost heavenly, and she gave me this memorable reply—'Mr. Wallingford, I have a richer estate than this in expectancy, and cannot mar the title.' And she has not marred it, Doctor."

"How did her daughter receive the news?" I inquired. I thought he turned his face a little away, as he answered.

"Not so well as her mother." I knew his voice was lower. "When I announced the fact that the claims of young Garcia had been admitted by the court, tears sprung to her eyes, and a shadow fell upon her countenance such as I have never seen there before."

"She is younger and less disciplined," said I.

"Few at her age," he answered "are so well disciplined."

"Will they still remain in Boston?" I asked.

"Yes, for the present," he answered, and we parted. A few months after this, my wife said to me one day,

"Did you hear that Mr. Wallingford had bought the pretty little cottage on Cedar Lane, where Jacob Homer lived?"

"Is that true?"

"It is said so. In fact, I heard it from Jane Homer, and that is pretty good authority."

"Is he going to live there with his mother?"

"Jane did not know. Her husband went behind hand the year he built the cottage, and never was able to get up even with the world. So they determined to sell their place, pay off their debts, and find contentment in a rented house. Mr. Homer said something to Mr. Wallingford, on the subject and he offered to buy the property at a fair price."

A few days afterwards, in passing along Cedar Lane, I noticed a carpenter at work in the pretty cottage above referred to; and also a gardener who was trimming the shrubbery.

"Good morning, William." I spoke to the gardener with whom I was well acquainted. "This is a nice cozy place."

"Indeed and it is, Doctor. Mr. Homer took great pride in it."

"And showed much taste in gardening."

"You may well say that, Doctor. There isn't a finer shrubbery to any garden in S———."

"Is Mr. Wallingford going to live here, or does he intend renting the cottage."

"That's more than I can answer, Doctor Mr. Wallingford isn't the man, you know, to talk with everybody about his affairs."

"True enough, William," said I smiling, and passed on.

"Did you know," said my wife, a few weeks later, "that Mr. Wallingford was furnishing the cottage on Cedar Lane?"

"Ah! Is that so?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dean told me that Jones the cabinet maker had the order, which was completed, and that the furniture was now going in. Everything she says is plain and neat, but good."

"Why what can this mean, Constance? Is our young friend about to marry?"

"It has a look that way, I fancy."

"But who is the bride to be? I asked."

"Mrs. Dean thinks it is Florence Williams."

"A fine girl; but hardly worthy of Henry Wallingford. Besides, he is ten years her senior," said I.

"What is the difference in our ages, dear?" Constance turned her fresh young face to mine—fresh and young still, though more than thirty-five years had thrown across it their lights and shadows, and laid her head fondly against my breast.

I kissed her tenderly, and she answered her own question.

"Ten years; and you are not so much my senior. I do not see any force in that objection. Still if I had been commissioned to select a wife for Mr. Wallingford, I would not have chosen Florence Williams."

"Her father is well off, and growing richer every day."

"Worth taking into the account, I suppose, as one of the reasons in favor of the choice," said my wife. "But I hardly think Wallingford is the man to let that consideration have much influence."

There was no mistake about the matter of furnishing Ivy Cottage, as the place was called. I saw carpets going in on the very next day. All the shrubbery had been trimmed, the grounds cleared up and put in order, and many

choice flowers planted in borders already rich in floral treasures.

Curiosity now began to flutter its wings, lift up its head, and look around sharply. Many arrows had taken their flight towards the heart of our young bachelor lawyer, but, until now, there had been no evidence of a wound. What fair maiden had conquered at last? I met him not long after, walking in the street with Florence Williams. She looked smiling and happy; and his face was brighter than I had ever seen it. This confirmed to me, the rumor.

Mrs. Wallingford was not to be approached on the subject. If she knew of an intended marriage, she feigned ignorance; and affected not to understand the hints, questions and surmises of curious neighbors.

A week or two later, and I missed Wallingford from his office. The lad in attendance said that he was away from the town, but would return in a few days.

"I have a surprise for you," said my wife, on that very afternoon. She had a letter in her hand just received by post. Her whole face was radiant with pleasure. Drawing a card from the envelope, she held it before my eyes. I read the names of HENRY WALLINGFORD and BLANCHE MONTGOMERY, and the words "At home Wednesday evening, June 15th. Ivy Cottage."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed, as soon as a momentary bewilderment passed, showing more than my wonted enthusiasm. "The best match since Hymen linked our fates together, Constance."

"May it prove as happy a one," my wife answered, with a glance of tenderness.

"It will, Constance—it will. That is a marriage after my own heart; one that I have, now and then, dimly foreshadowed in imagination, but never thought to see."

"It is over five years since we saw Blanche," remarked Constance. "I wonder how she looks? If life's sunshine and rain have produced a rich harvest in her soul, or only abraded the surface, and marred the sweet beauty that captivated us of old? I wonder how she has borne the shadowing of earthly prospects—the change from luxurious surroundings?"

"They have not dimmed the virgin gold; you may be sure of that, Constance," was my reply to this.

"At home, Wednesday evening, June fifteenth." And this was Tuesday. Only a single day intervened. And yet it seemed like a week in anticipation, so eager did we grow for the promised reunion with friends whose memory was in our hearts as the sound of pleasant music.

It was eight o'clock, on Wednesday evening, when we entered Ivy Cottage, our hearts beating with quickened strokes under their burden of pleasant anticipation. What a queenly woman stood revealed to us, as we entered the little parlor! I would hardly have known her as the almost shrinking girl from whom we parted not many years before. How wonderfully she had developed! Figure, face, air, manner, attitude—all showed the woman of heart, mind, and purpose. Yet, nothing struck you as masculine; but rather as exquisitely feminine. It took but one glance at her serene face, to solve the query as to whether there had been a free gift of heart as well as hand. My eyes turned next to the pale, thin face of Mrs. Montgomery, who sat, or half reclined, in a large cushioned chair. She was looking at her daughter. That expression of blended love and pride, will it ever cease to be a sweet picture in my memory? All was right—I saw that in the first instant of time.

The reception was not a formal one. There was no display of orange blossoms, airy veils, and glittering jewels—but a simple welcoming of a few old friends, who had come to heart-congratulations. It was the happiest bridal reception—always excepting the one in which my Constance wore the orange wreath—that I had ever seen. Do you inquire of Wallingford, as to how he looked and seemed? Worthy of the splendid woman who stood by his side and leaned towards him with such a sweet assurance. How beautiful it was to see the proud look with which she turned her eyes upon him, whenever he spoke. It was plain, that, to her, his words had deeper meanings in them, than came to other ears.

"It is all right, I see." I had drawn a chair close to the one in which Mrs. Montgomery sat, and was holding in mine the thin, almost shadowy hand which she had extended.

"Yes, it is all right, Doctor," she answered, as a smile lit up her pale face. "All right, and I am numbered among the happiest of mothers. He is not titled, nor rich, nor noble in the vulgar sense—but titled, and rich, and noble as God gives rank and wealth. I came to this land of promise ten years ago, in search of an estate for my child; and I have found it, at last. Ah, Doctor"—and she glanced upwards as she spoke—"His ways are not as our ways. And if we will only trust in Him, He will bring such things to pass, as never entered into the imagination of our hearts. I did not dream of this man as the husband of my child, when I gave my business into his care. The remote suggestion of such a thing would have offended me; for my heart was full of false pride, though I knew it not. But, there was a destiny for Blanche, foreshadowed for me then, but not seen."

"It is the quality of the man," I said, "that determines the quality of the marriage. She who weds best, weds the truest man. The rank and wealth are of the last consideration. To make them first, is the blindest folly of the blindest."

"Ah, if this were but rightly understood"—said Mrs. Montgomery—"what new lives would people begin to live in the world! How the shadows that dwell among so many households—even those of the fairest external seeming—would begin to lift themselves upward and roll away, letting in the sunlight and filling the chambers of discord with heavenly music. I have sometimes thought, that more than half the misery which curses the world springs from discordant marriages."

"The estimate is low," I answered. "If you had said two-thirds, you would have been, perhaps, nearer the truth."

Blanche crossed the room, and came and stood by her mother's chair, looking down into her face with a loving smile.

"I am afraid the journey has been too much for you," she said, with a shadow of concern in her face. "You look paler than usual."

"Paler, because a little fatigued, dear. But a night's rest will bring me up even again," Mrs. Montgomery replied cheerfully.

"How is the pain in your side, now?" asked Blanche, still with a look of concern.

"Easier. I scarcely notice it now."

"Blanche is over anxious about my health, dear girl!" said Mrs. Montgomery, as the bride moved to another part of the room. She thinks me failing rapidly. And, without doubt, the foundations of this earthly house are giving way; but, I trust, that ere it fall into ruin, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens, will be ready for my reception."

There was no depressing solemnity in her tones, as she thus alluded to that event which comes to all; but a smiling cheerfulness of manner that was contagious.

"You think of death as a Christian," said I.

"And how else should I think of it?" she replied. "Can I not trust Him in whom I have believed! What is it more than passing from a lower to a higher state of life—from the natural to the spiritual world. When the hour comes, I will lay me down in peace and sleep."

She remained silent for some moments, her thoughts apparently indrawn. The brief, closing sentence was spoken as if she were lapsing into reverie. I thought the subject hardly in place for a wedding occasion, and was about starting another theme, when she said—

"Do you not think, Doctor, that this dread of dying, which haunts most people like a fearful spectre—the good as well as the bad—is a very foolish thing? We are taught, from childhood, to look forward to death as the greatest of all calamities; as a change attended by indefinable terrors. Teachers and preachers ring in our ears the same dread chimes, thrilling the strongest nerves and appalling the stoutest hearts. Death is pictured to us as a grim monster; and we shudder as we look at the ghastly apparition. Now, all this comes from what is false. Death is not the crowning evil of our lives; but the door through which we pass, tranquilly, into that eternal world, which is our destined home. I hold in my thought a different picture of Death from that which affrighted me in childhood. The form is one of angelic beauty, and the countenance full of love. I know, that when I pass along the dark and narrow way that leads from this outer world of nature, to the inner world from which it has existence, that my hand will rest firmly in that of an angel, commissioned of God to guide my peaceful footsteps. Is not that a better faith?"

"Yes, a better and a truer," said I.

"It is not the death-passage that we need fear. That has in it no intrinsic evil. It is the sleep of mortality, and the rest is sweet to all. If we give place to fear let it be for that state beyond the bourne, which will be unhappy in the degree that we are lovers of self and the world—that is lovers of evil instead of good. As the tree falls so it lies, Doctor. As our quality is at death, so will it remain to all eternity. Here is the just occasion for dread."

She would have kept on, but her attention was drawn away by the remark of a lady who came up at the moment. I left her side and passed to another part of the room: but her words, tone, and impressive manner remained with me. I turned my eyes often during the evening upon her pale, pure face, which seemed like a transparent veil through which the spirit half revealed itself. How greatly she had changed in five years. There had been trial and discipline; and she had come up from them purer for the ordeal. The flesh had failed; but the spirit had taken on strength and beauty.

"How did Mrs. Montgomery impress you?" said I to my wife, as we sat down together on our return home.

"As one ready to be translated," she answered. "I was at a loss to determine which was the most beautiful, she or Blanche."

"You cannot make a comparison between them as to beauty," I remarked.

"Not as to beauty in the same degree. The beauty of Blanche was queenly; that of her mother angelic. All things lovely in nature were collated, and expressed themselves in the younger as she stood blushing in the ripeness of her charms; while all things lovely in the soul beamed forth from the countenance of the elder. And so, as I have said, I was at a loss to determine which was most beautiful."

I was just rising from my early breakfast on the next morning when I received a hurried message from Ivy Cottage. The angel of Death had been there. Tenderly and lovingly had she taken the hand of Mrs. Montgomery, and led her through the gate that opens into the land of immortals. She received her daughter's kiss at eleven o'clock, held her for some moments, gazing into her face, and then said—"Good-night, my precious one! Good-night, and God bless you!" At seven in the morning she was found lying in bed with a smile on her face, but cold and lifeless as marble! There had been no strife with the heavenly messenger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Wit is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages.—*La Bruyere.*

☞ The golden age never leaves the world; it exists still, and shall exist, till love, health, poetry, are no more—but only for the young.—*Bulwer.*

☞ Not many miles from Boston, two sisters, by the name of Pepper, are employed in the same establishment. One of them has red hair, and goes by the name of "Red Pepper," while her sister with black hair is known as "Black Pepper." A male relative is also employed in the same place, and is called "Pepper and Salt," his hair fairly representing that mixture.

☞ "That's very singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman, who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear Miss, I will soon make it plural."

☞ The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

☞ A man in one of our county jails wishes he had the small-pox, so that he could break out.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3.00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST, - -	5,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty " (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the *stores* is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

STORIES ALREADY IN HAND FOR 1860.

Besides "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," with which we design opening the New Year, we have already in hand the finest novelet, we think, that Mrs. Denison has ever written, and which she calls "THE DANE." We have also in hand "THE QUAKER PARTISAN," by the author of "The Scout," a story of the Revolution, full of adventure, admirably told—and "UNBEHEIM," a novelet by the author of "The Ebony Casket." Of this last author we may simply say that she is a lady of Virginia; beyond that our lips are sealed. All these novelets are already in hand, waiting their proper time for publication. Adding to the above, additional contributions from the gifted author of "The Red Court Farm," and other matter from other celebrated authors, THE POST for 1860, can scarcely fail, we think, to maintain its high reputation as "the best of the weeklies."

THE FARMERS' HIGH SCHOOL.

The story is told of Lord Bacon that he collected all the agricultural works of his time, piled them up in the court-yard of his place at Gorhambury, and made a huge bonfire of them. Upon being asked why he did so, he replied, "Because these books contain no principles, and are therefore worthless."

The act itself was a pretty plain hieroglyphic to the effect that a science of agriculture was lacking in the Elizabethan day. It is still lacking, though two hundred and fifty years have gone by, and though the rushing movement of the first scientific ages the world has seen, has added considerably to our knowledge in this direction. It is of the highest importance, of course, that agricultural laws and principles should be definitely known. Agriculture is one of the main interests of mankind, inasmuch as our very continuance on this planet to do the work of the Taskmaster, is directly connected with it. To live we must eat, and to eat to the best advantage, we must acquire the science and the art of agriculture. It is cheering to see how energetically and rapidly we are advancing in this track, and among the institutions that bid fair to produce the most important results as regards the end to be achieved, none are more noteworthy than such an one as the Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania.

The Farm School is in Centre County, in this State, where letters of inquiry may be addressed to the President. The great object in the system of instruction is to give the student as thorough an education as he can acquire at any college, with the difference that the ancient languages are not taught, and the scientific branches are. The list of studies comprises Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Geology and Paleontology, Physical Geography and Meteorology, Mineralogy and Crystallography, Human Anatomy, and Physiology, Veterinary Science and Zoology, Entomology, Common Geography and Astronomy, Political, Social and Rural Economy, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, English Grammar, Composition, and Elocution. Every one of these studies is directly related to the farmer's life, most of them to his manual practice, the others to the successful communication of his knowledge to others, and every one of them has a direct influence in lifting his toil from mere drudgery into the pleasure of an intellectual pursuit, not to mention the pecuniary advantage which must result from labor which commands effects with the certainty that follows from a knowledge of causes.

Another important point in the system of instruction at the Farm School is the combination of manual labor with study during the college course. Thus theory and practice are learned together, and the body and mind are both kept in health, as at many of our colleges they are not, besides being both thoroughly cultured and disciplined. In fact, any student might take up his abode at the Farm School to advantage, under this wholesome and masculine regimen. Three hours labor a day is the general amount required.

The conditions of admission are few and simple. The student must be sixteen years of age, have a good knowledge of reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, and grammar, and pay an entrance fee of one hundred dollars.—This sum covers all his expenses of boarding, washing, fuel, and tuition—light for his private room, class-books, and a certain amount of chemical apparatus excepted. The term is four years.

The students during the year 1859, have been 119 in number. At present the college building is unfinished, and as this is a State Institution, and one which directly concerns the people, the Rev. Thomas Hunt, himself a practical farmer, has been engaged to solicit donations from such persons of means as are willing to endow an institution so excellent. We hope no one will be chary of giving. It is a matter of the most practical national importance, and one that should touch our Pennsylvania State pride. Pennsylvania has commenced this as an experiment, and on its success depends the establishment of similar institutions in other States, and perhaps the inauguration of a new era in agricultural life. Certainly nothing could more directly tend to elevate labor than thus to inject it with thought, and in a country like ours where the masses rule, and the ignorance of the many may at any time become the peril of the State, it may be assumed "with likelihood of truth enough," that it is this democratization of knowledge—this scientific association of it with all the avocations and affairs of life—that must constitute one of the truest safeguards of the Republic. For knowledge is power—power even over the duration of the State; but that knowledge must be scientific, and must also be the heritage of the many. Welcome then to any scheme that tends to broaden intelligence, and lifts men to the level of true life, by making them master of the influences which only in their ignorance could master them.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S GENERALSHIP AT MAGENTA.—Our readers will remember that some four or five months ago, when the American press was teeming with praises of the wonderful generalship of Louis Napoleon at Magenta, and the bad generalship of the Austrians, we took leave to differ with our contemporaries, and avow our opinion that the facts as related proved exactly the reverse. The Austrians ought to have won in that engagement, we said, and nothing but the hard fighting of the French soldiery, exposed to great disadvantages, gave Louis Napoleon the day. That such is the belief of the French army, the following recent statement would go to prove:—

It is said that the French army has lost its confidence in Napoleon as a General. An Italian correspondent of *The Independent* writes that he has the fact on the best authority, from a Captain of the Staff, who related it to him recently, in the presence of six other officers, returning, like himself, from Solferino, and who confirmed his statements, which were as follows:

"You remember," he said, "that famous order of the day, and the telegram to the Empress after Magenta? He said: 'A division of the Imperial Guard has covered itself with glory! For a whole day it has sustained the shock of forty thousand Austrians,' etc. Now, how do you explain that on the morrow, MacMahon, who had come only at the end of the day, received all the honors of it, and was made Duke of Magenta and Field Marshal?" "Why," said I, "it was on account of the timely help he brought to the victorious but exhausted Guard." "Not in the least," replied the captain, "*et voila comme on ecrit l'histoire!* I was there, and I can tell you what nobody will dare to publish in France, though it is as true as the Gospel. When the famous order of the day concerning the Guards became known among the first corps, MacMahon's, a great irritation prevailed, amounting almost to rebellion. 'Since all the glory is always given to the *corps chéri* (they call thus the privileged Guards), let them fight alone! we will not do anything more!" Early in the morning, MacMahon, sharing the anger of his soldiers, went to the Emperor, and told him in what state of mind his troops were, charging him with injustice toward those who had, in fact, won the battle, and saved him (the Emperor) from the greatest danger. Napoleon was surprised.—'What have you done?' said he, to MacMahon; 'why did you come so late, after I sent you so many orders to come to Magenta?' MacMahon then begged the Emperor to follow him; he showed him on the ground, strewn for several miles with the bodies of dead soldiers, that he, MacMahon, had to fight and overcome the bulk of the Austrian army in order to reach Magenta, and join the Emperor; that but for his timely coming, the Emperor was enveloped by the enemy; and finally, that his Majesty had made the enormous blunder of taking for the whole battle that which he had witnessed, and which was only an episode, and the least part of it! It was then, in order to quiet the murmuring soldiers of MacMahon, that he made the latter Duke and Marshal; but, ever since the egregious mistake of Magenta, there is not an officer or a soldier in the army who has the least faith in the military genius of the Emperor.'

A METEOR.—A large meteor was seen on Tuesday morning of last week, at various places on the Atlantic coast, between Virginia and New England. The hour of its appearance is variously given from 9 to 10 in the morning—the sun shining brightly at the time. In some places it is said to have been attended by a terrific noise, though apparently at a distance, with a quaking of the earth—while, in other places, everything was quiet. It is described as a large body of fire, bright as the sun, and with a tail like a comet. One observer speaks of it as about three-fourths of the size of the moon, and another—a New York sergeant of police, as being "as large as a house." Everybody seemed to think that it fell just a little distance from the spot where he was standing—which shows that such appearances are somewhat deceptive.

MORPHY, blindfold, beat four of the best chess-players in Philadelphia last week—one at the 24th, another at the 25th, and a third at the 29th, and a fourth at the 33d move.

So says one of our contemporaries. For the words "*of the best*" in the above, should be substituted simply the modest word *good*. It might be added that Mr. Morphy found he could not give one of our best players the odds of a knight, but only a pawn: and that with, perhaps, the best of our players he did not play, as the Philadelphian would not accept any odds, and Mr. Morphy says he will not play even with anybody. High-strung gentlemen, those chess champions. That comes, we suppose, from *playing* so often with kings and queens.

Our able and respected contemporary, the *North American*, of this city, recently closed an editorial article as follows:—

"While our citizens in general, and tradesmen in particular, have been dealt so capital a hand—a hand that cannot be beat—will they not have the confidence to play it. Brag is the game. Brag high, fellow citizens, and sweep the stakes!"

Our sober, drab-coated citizens, who all take the North American, are in great perplexity as to the meaning of the above advice. What is "a hand"—what is "Brag"—what are "stakes!" Will the *North American* explain.

☞ A correspondent asks for an infallible rule to find the number of barrels of Corn in the cob, contained in a wagon body, or corn crib. Will some of our farmer friends oblige him with the information?

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The story of three brutes and a fool is told with capital effect by Mr. SAMUEL S. SMUCKER, in his HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES, KINGS OF ENGLAND. (D. Appleton & Co. New York.) The characterization is not, in so many words at least, Mr. Smucker's, but our own and history's. George the First, swilling rum-punch, smoking his big pipe, gormandizing on sauerkraut, and happy in his harem of fat Dutch mistresses, huge and clumsy as elephants, was certainly a gross brute. George the Second, who thought "boets and bainters should sdarve," who outraged his unhappy queen with accounts of his concubines, who soothed her dying ears amidst his bellowing and boo-hooing, with the blubbered assurance that he would never marry again, though he might take a mistress or two, which he did just after her burial, and who interrupted his harangue on her virtues over her dead body, to burst into roars of horse-laughter at Walpole trying to weep behind the curtains, was as certainly a gross and foolish brute. George the Fourth, who vindicated his flatterers' title of "the first gentleman in Europe," by being spendthrift, drunken, licentious, mean, treacherous, cruel, a gamester, an unbounded liar, the public slanderer and persecutor of his queen, and the most heartless seducer and profligate (Charles the Second not excepted) that ever outraged the feelings of the British people—was, by all odds, the most enormous brute of the three. And George the Third, who atoned for the goodness of his character by the weakness of his wits, diversifies the record with an imbecility which naturally culminated in insanity. Nevertheless this was the Augustan age of Britain, though there was no Augustus on the British throne. It gave to statesmanship, Pitt, Fox, Burke and Chatham; to politics, Walpole, Sheridan, Grenville and Canning; to civil liberty, Junius, the fiery star that shook its dark and terrible splendors in the eyes of the vile, and "made bold power look pale:" to literature, Addison, Swift, Pope, Gibbon, Robertson, Johnson, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron and Shelley; to science, Newton and Flamsteed; to philanthropy, Howard: and, with all these, jurists, politicians, wits and courtiers of mark innumerable. The events of the age correspond with the greatness of the men. The American Revolution, the Reign of Terror, the downfall of Napoleon, the Impeachment of Hastings, are but the most prominent in the stirring scene. Our book shows them all in graphic summary. Some of its judgments we should question. That on Junius, for instance, seems over-harsh. The introductory dedication to the English People of those remarkable letters, shows a largeness and nobleness of spirit and aims which Mr. Smucker can hardly harmonize with his view of the character of Junius. It seems to indicate that the dreadful rhetoric of the letters was but one weapon from the armory of the author, and the employment of such a weapon finds its best justification in the danger of the hour, and the baseness of the assailed. It was no time for rose-water speech, as Junius knew.

The character of the age of the Georges, is worth the attention of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, who has written an eloquent volume called THE GREAT TRIBULATION, OR THINGS COMING UPON THE EARTH, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) with the intention of showing that the political, social, moral and physical disturbances of the present age, indicate the near fulfilment of Scriptural prophecy regarding the destruction of the world. Dr. Cumming bases his explanation of Scripture on the opinion, founded on what he thinks the pecu-

fairly troublous indications of the age, that we are approaching a time of trouble unprecedented in human history. The indications he cites show nothing of the kind, and we think a very different explanation of Scripture is far more possible. Look at the vile kings, the vile morals, the tremendous disorder of government and society in the age of those four Georges. If indications are anything, a person who interpreted Scripture on Dr. Cumming's principles, might have thought that the end was coming then. Yet we emerged from all that into smooth water. Dr. Cumming thrills with apprehension at the threatening of Sebastopol, the late Italian campaign, the revolts in India and China. What are they compared to the storm of battles that swept over Europe and the East in the train of Napoleon, and shook earth with Waterloo? He thinks our social agitations very alarming. What are they to the agitations that ended in the French Reign of Terror? What are any modern troubles compared to the long, the frequent, the ferocious wars and massacres of the Middle Ages? What "time of trouble" could be more a time of trouble than befell in Europe at almost any period before the last three centuries? Dr. Cumming is frightened at the potato rot, the vine blight, the diseases of men and cattle—thinks them "unusual." What does he think of Europe when, according to the statistics of Dr. Farr, a famine regularly occurred every fourteen years, owing to the disease and failure of the crops, and this for centuries? What does he think of the times when murrains without remedy swept off cattle by hundreds of thousands, and pestilences like the Plague of London swept away millions of men at a stroke? Dr. Cumming looks with alarm at the boding of the late panic. The late panic was a mere trifle compared with the commercial convulsions that have shaken society in times past. In short, this kind of reasoning on Dr. Cumming's part, is curiously forgetful or ignorant of the historic facts regarding the condition of past ages. It is beyond all dispute that, however badly off we may be, we are far better off in every respect than our forefathers were.—Even the planet keeps pace with our improvement—earthquakes, for instance, being far less frequent than formerly. To interpret a prophecy by assuming a peculiarly aggravated condition of human affairs, is to start wrong and go wrong together. At any rate, if Dr. Cumming's exegesis of Scripture is correct, his view of the comparative condition of human affairs does not indicate it.

The story of a modern Paladin, a scholar and a gentleman, and a staunch English soldier, is told in the life of Major Hodson, under the title of TWELVE YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN INDIA. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) Hodson was one of the band of heroic swords who kept India for England, and he died in his harness at the gates of Delhi. His character serves as a good type of martial heroism, and it is thoroughly English in its color and details.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

WILD SOUTHERN SCENES. A TALE OF DISUNION AND BORDER WAR. By J. B. JONES, Esq. T. B. Peterson, Philada.

A HAIRDRESSER'S EXPERIENCE IN HIGH LIFE. C. G. Henderson, Philada.

BOOK OF PLAYS FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. By SILAS S. STEELE, Dramatist. George G. Evans, Philada.

CAROLINA SPORTS BY LAND AND WATER, INCLUDING INCIDENTS OF DEVIL FISHING, WILD CAT, DEER AND BEAR HUNTING. By the Hon. WM. ELLIOTT, of South Carolina. Derby & Jackson, New York.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. October. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE HORTICULTURIST. A JOURNAL OF RURAL ART AND RURAL TASTE. November. Saxton, Parker & Co., New York.

THE INSANITY OF GERRIT SMITH.

(From the Albany Evening Journal.)

With those who have known Gerrit Smith longest and most intimately, his present melancholy condition is more a matter of regret than of surprise. His mind has hovered upon the borders of insanity for more than a quarter of a century. His physical health was destroyed many years ago, by his peculiar habits and views in regard to temperance and diet.

Gerrit Smith was by nature munificently endowed. We knew him first in 1814 then wooing and winning Wealthy Backus, his first wife, and neither before or since have we seen a nobler specimen of manhood. To high intellectual gifts he added a form and face of surpassing beauty,

"Whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Then ardent, generous, and as ever impulsive, he lived for several years in the quiet enjoyment of refined, social and domestic happiness. Though early bereaved of an accomplished wife, he was subsequently restored to all the endearments of home by a marriage with the daughter of the late Col. Fitzhugh, an equally estimable lady.

Some thirty years ago, then a young man of great promise, buoyant in spirit, and looking at the bright side of all the scenery of life, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the State Senate. That disappointment disturbed the heretofore "even tenor of his way," and tinged the future of his whole life. He looked less hopefully upon men and things. He became, as he believed, a philanthropist, but it was the philanthropy less of charity than of force. From an ardent Colonizationist he became an ultra Abolitionist; and his persuasive zeal for Temperance, changed to coercive measures in favor of Prohibition. Of his ample fortune he dispensed, in aid of Abolitionism and Temperance, with more liberality than wisdom. Both his perverted talents, and his misapplied money injured the objects he sought to promote.

Mr. Smith has lived for nearly thirty years in a state of political hallucination. The delusion calumniated last year, when greatly excited, he devoted his time and money to a canvass which he believed was to result in his election as Governor, while every other person in the State *knew* that he was wasting his strength and his means. That disappointment left him too well prepared, in body and mind, for the shock which has overthrown his too long unbalanced intellect.

ALMOST A CLERGYMAN.—John Brown narrowly escaped being a clergyman. When about twenty years of age he studied theology, in Plainfield, Mass., under the direction of Rev. Moses Hallock. While pursuing his studies, he was attacked with inflammation of the eyes, which ultimately became chronic, and precluded him from the possibility of the further pursuit of his studies, when he returned to Ohio.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 162—Adults 81, and children 81.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

BAD NEWS FOR LOVERS OF CHAMPAGNE—WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?—A WISE PRECAUTION—A BIT OF COURT-GOSSIP—A ROYAL STUDENT—A YOUTHFUL PASSION—A WELCOME BOUQUET.

PARIS, *Oct.* 27, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

After all the oscillations between heat and cold which have rendered the past month so particularly disagreeable and unhealthy here, we seem to have settled down into winter, and already may take up once again the lovely lament of the Ingeborge, in the Frithiof Saga, and say with her "Summer is gone!" The orange-trees have gone into winter quarters. Muffs and greatcoats are beginning to show themselves in the streets of this summer-city, whose people always look so very white-faced and blue-nosed on the approach of cold weather; as for the funny little paletots worn by the pet dogs of this metropolis, those shivering creatures came out with them more than a fortnight ago. The chestnut-roasters are grimy and busy at the corners of streets and the doors of wine-shops; the wholesome fruit which forms so good a substitute for potatoes, and so large a portion of the winter food of the lower classes of this country being unusually abundant this season. The late strawberries, which have been excellent for some weeks past, are becoming pale and bitter, and will shortly be seen no more till next season. Snow has fallen in several parts of France; large flocks of southward-going cranes are passing over the country, and the weatherwise are predicting a "hard" winter. From the coast of Normandy we hear that a couple of nights ago the atmospheric phenomena were sufficiently varied; that most tyrannous "it" which so cruelly bothers the surface of our unforeseeing little planet having, in the course of a single evening, rained, hailed, froze, snowed, and thundered.

The champagne vintage is now over, and is a very poor affair. This vintage, last year, though small in quantity, was remarkably good; this year it has failed both in quantity and quality. The late spring-frosts had already injured the vines, when the excessive heats and violent storms of the summer just over still farther injured the crops of fruit, and this mischief was brought to a climax by the fogs and white frosts of September last. Just at the moment of the vintage the weather became most excellent; but most of the fruit was injured past cure. It seems, for instance, that the Commune of Ai, so famous for its "sparkling and frothing champagne," comprises about 1,800 acres of vineyard. In good years each acre produces from 28 to 30 *hectolitres* (a measure equal to about 6 quarts English); this year the production has not averaged one hectolitre per acre. Consequently the little wine made this year will be very dear, and the stock of the two preceding years will rise in proportion. Moreover, there being very little genuine champagne now in existence, and the lovers of that beverage being "legion," it is certain that unusual quantities of this favorite "growth" will be manufactured for their benefit.

It seems to be predestined that everything in this country—so long the favorite asylum of people of small means from all the rest of the world—is to become dearer and dearer, until we ask one another in despair, "What are we coming to?" The rise in rents, food, and drink which have made Paris one of the most expensive places in Europe is just as apparent in other things, and notably so in every branch of the toilette. A friend of mine who has had all her dresses, for a dozen of years past, from the renowned man-dressmaker, Aurely, and who used to pay from eighty to a hundred francs for a plain silk dress, and perhaps a couple of hundred for something a little grander, went to him a couple of days ago to order a dress.

The great "artiste," whose "fit," and "trimmings," are so much esteemed here, received my friend with his most affable, smiling bows, and at once proceeded to display the triumphs of French looms for my friend to choose from. Mme. de F——— was delighted with the silks, and had nearly made up her mind to choose one of the three she had set aside as the prettiest, when she bethought her of sounding the *artiste* on the subject of price.

"I don't want a very expensive dress, just now, M. Aurely," she remarked, "something that I can wear a few times to a *soiree* this winter, and yet simple enough to wear in the street in the spring. I suppose your prices have gone up, like everything else; and so I must resign myself to paying about a couple of hundred francs."

"But, madame, WHAT are you thinking of?" exclaimed the *artiste*, in tragic tones, and clasping his hands with an inimitable gesture of exasperation and despair, "why, the sum you mention is *the price of a cotton gown!* Every piece of silk I have shown you would cost, for the material, far more than two hundred francs. As to the three you like best, the cheapest would be three hundred and fifty francs; and the other two four hundred and fifty! And that beautiful satin which charmed you so much at first would be not a sou under six hundred!"

My friend demanded of Heaven, earth, and the "artiste," "*where* we are drifting to?" and finished by ordering a much simpler gown than she had hoped to have, at the infinitesimal price of two hundred and fifty francs; a very good black silk, but nothing wonderful, she, moreover, engaging to furnish the lace which would constitute the greater part of the trimming!

Aurely, I need hardly remark, does not measure his fair customers himself. All that is done by his forewoman; the great man making his appearance on the scene when everything is ready for his inspection, and approving or changing the various points of the dress. The ornamentation is, however, always of his invention. His downstair rooms are not very striking, as he keeps little or nothing ready made. But his stock of material is of the richest and most *recherche* description, comprising, as is always the case with the principal *fournisseurs*, patterns and styles not to be found in other houses, and generally more tasteful than can be procured in the shops. But when you are marched up stairs "to be fitted," you are amused at the sort of magnified doll's house in which you find yourself. The rooms are small, but fitted up with great taste, and as grand as moulded ceilings, gilding, Venetian glasses, and the most coquettish curtains can make them. The floors shine like so much glass; and as the whole house is heated by a furnace in the cellar, the beautiful chairs, sofas, and footstools, seem almost as though they were so many rare exotics in a hot-house. When you have been duly shown up to one of these pretty rooms, the forewoman, who has assisted at your prefatory confabulation with her chief downstairs, goes through the necessary fittings and tryings; and you take your leave in a pleasing uncertainty as to what your dress will be like when it comes to you, as, beyond the general indication of the style you wish it to be, and the price you are resigned to pay, you have nothing farther to do with the matter. To order your dress to be trimmed in such and such a manner, would be, in fact, to have it like some one you have already seen; whereas your very motive in addressing yourself to the "artiste" in question, is the wish to procure, from the inexhaustible stores of his fancy, a dress invented expressly for yourself. If, indeed, you are yourself of an artistic turn, and able to strike out a new "idea" on your own account, you may venture to suggest the same to the great man, who will discuss the suggestion, adopting it if it please him, but autocratically rejecting it if it does not.

As for Mrs. Burton, whose beautiful "things" have so many admirers among the fair dames and damsels of Philadelphia, her prices are about on the same scale with those of the tailor just mentioned. Among the infinity of costly and elegant things she is just now sending to impatient consumers in the Quaker city, is a wonderful head-dress, composed of lace, velvet and delicate feathers, the price of which is three hundred and sixty francs, the lace costing by far the greater part of this sum! Certainly, this head-dress is a *chef d'œuvre* in its way; but it is only one of several destined for the same customer, and if the head of the fair wearer represents, when dressed, a sum of $72 00, what will be the probable cost of the complete toilette? And does it not seem as though so large an amount of money, no matter what the fortune or position of the wearer, might have been made more available, in other ways, to the happiness of its possessor. *Mais, chacun a son goût!* As to the "fashions" of the day, I am sorry to be obliged to avow my doubts, as to the correctness of the many assurances with which we have been favored, from time to time, of the approaching downfall of the tyrant crinoline. Dresses are now worn, alas! both wider and longer than ever; so that, at a soiree, not only is it difficult for emulous petticoats to move about without producing a dead lock, but each fair one is pretty nearly sure to be pinned to the spot she occupies by the feet of her neighbors being planted on her gown. Amidst all this exuberance of material, certain symptoms are noticeable, which seem to threaten an attempt to revive the odious "modes" of the First Empire with its skimping, "sloped" dresses and short waists. Already many dresses are made with "sloped" skirts, thus reviving one of the exploded peculiarities of the period referred to; the trimmings are also placed round the bottom of the dress, sometimes only one row being used, and that only about three inches from the ground. True, these dresses are enormously full, sometimes measuring ten or a dozen yards round at the bottom of the skirt; but the waists are already being made a trifle shorter than they were six months ago, and thus the half dozen oligarchs who rule the toilettes of Christendom have only to decree an additional shortening of waists, and a contraction of skirts, to land a reluctant sex amidst the full odiousness of the fashions which it needed all the grace of Josephine to wear without being rendered absolutely hideous thereby. Bonnets, too, have made a move, though a very slight one as yet, in the same direction. Instead of being made all in one, as they have been for the last few years, the "crown" and "front" are now made apart; and those who recoil with dismay from the thought of finding themselves consigned to the gored pillow cases of Josephine and Queen Hortense, are consoled by the additional prospect of being compelled to get their heads into the plumed coal-scuttles which surmounted fashionable figures in those departed days. But enough of prospective horrors whose infliction the world may perhaps yet be spared, and against which it is difficult to believe that no attempt at resistance would be made by the coquettes of the present generation.

Meantime, ball-dresses are as dangerously adapted as ever for sudden combustion; and so numerous have been the deaths thus induced, that the celebrated chemists Doeberiner and Œlsner have been experimenting on the various methods proposed for rendering textile fabrics less inflammable than they naturally are. The substances employed for this purpose are borax, alum, soluble glass, and phosphate of ammonia. For wood and common fabrics, any one of these salts will do; but fine and light tissues—just those which are most likely to take fire—cannot be treated in this way. Borax renders fine textile fabrics stiff: it causes dust, and will swell out under the smoothing-iron; so does alum, besides weakening the fibres of the stuff, so as to make it tear easily. Soluble glass both stiffens and weakens the stuff, depriving it both of elasticity and tenacity. Phosphate of ammonia alone has none of these inconveniences. It may be mixed with a certain quantity of sal ammoniac, and then introduced into the starch prepared for stiffening the linen; or else it may be dissolved in 20 parts of water, in weight, to one of phosphate, and the stuff steeped in the solution, then dried, and ironed as usual. Phosphate of ammonia is cheap enough to allow of its introduction into common use, so that it may be used at each wash. Phosphate of ammonia is obtained by saturating the bi-phosphate of lime with liquid ammonia.

Having thus got upon the subject of dress, I must give your readers the benefit of a little bit of gossip, which your Correspondent has just picked up from a lady of the English Court, who happens to be here at this moment. The Duchess of Sutherland—once so noted for her beauty, and still a handsome, showy woman, though decidedly no longer in her prime—occasionally allows herself certain eccentricities of toilette, which are all very well in so exalted a specimen of humanity as a Duchess, but which would certainly bring down unmerciful quizzing on any one less exalted. One of her freaks in this line was perpetrated a few weeks ago, when the Court, in half-mourning, was present at a morning concert at the palace, on which occasion her handsome Grace—who is now rather stout—made her appearance in a dress and flowing mantle of white India muslin, spotted over with embroidered bees of black and silver. The dress was made like the robes of the Druid priestesses of ancient times and of the modern stage, its folds continuing from the bosom to the ground, being confined at the waist with a sort of black and white silk rope, in guise of girdle, terminating in heavy tassels. The mantle was attached to the shoulders by black clasps set with diamonds. On her head the Duchess wore a wreath of black roses, (than which nothing can well be uglier) imitating a tiara; the roses being surmounted by white thistles, and the thistles being surmounted in their turn by shamrock leaves of diamonds. The India muslin, laden with the heavy embroidered bees, hung limp and awkward; and the eccentric build and ornamentation of the rest of the toilette—causing its wearer to look like a bad imitation of La Ristori in Camma—made the Duchess altogether such a *Guy* that the rest of the company could hardly look at her without a titter; especially as, being apparently under the impression that her peculiar toilette demanded a corresponding pretentiousness of manner, she shook hands with nobody, contenting herself with distributing the most dignified little bows of the head to those about her. The large, showy Duchess presented, in all respects, a most curious contrast to the little, quiet-looking Queen, who wore merely a simple, pretty dress of white crape, trimmed with bunches of white and gray acacia blossoms, and in her hair a wreath of the same flowers, mixed with a few diamonds, and who went about the drawing-room in the most pleasant and unaffected way, shaking hands with all whom she knew, and bestowing a kindly smile and bow on those who were less known to her.

It appears that little Prince Leopold, who, by all accounts, is a busy, energetic little creature, never doing anything by halves, has lately been seized with such a passion for mental improvement, that he is not contented with studying his alphabet from morning to night, but insists upon taking his book to bed with him, resolutely refusing to close an eye until the precious spelling-book has been safely placed beneath his pillow!

Little Prince Arthur, a couple of years older, has lately inspired a first passion in a youthful heart now beating "for him, and him only." When Edinbro' officials, a few days since, turned out to greet her Majesty on her return through that city from the Highlands, the Sheriff of Edinbro', in his official robes, was waiting on the platform of the railway station for the arrival of the royal train, when word was brought to him that a lady was anxious to see him, and particularly begged to be allowed to speak with him for a moment. The audience was granted at once, the lady informing the Sheriff that she had a little daughter who was deeply in love with Prince Arthur, and who could not be pacified unless she could be permitted to present the little Prince with a bouquet on his arrival. The Sheriff, not knowing whether it came within the scope of his powers to grant the young lady's desire, determined to refer the matter to the Queen herself. Accordingly, on the arrival of the royal train, the Sheriff laid the young lady's wish before her Majesty, who at once gave permission for the little lady to be brought to the carriage-door, remarking that "she would not, on any account, come between the two." The little girl—a most lovely little creature, blushing behind her bouquet—was then brought forward by the Sheriff, and presented her bouquet with the sweetest of smiles, to the object of her infantile adoration, who, received it with great pleasure, and blushes as eloquent as those of the donor. After which the little maiden tripped gracefully back to her mother, and the royal carriages whirled forward on their way to London.

This incident reminds me that "the Hope of France" has also just been presented with a bouquet, by a little girl born on the same day as himself, who waited for the Imperial train at one of its stopping-places on its way back from Biarritz to this city, and was allowed to present her offering to the little Prince. The latter seemed greatly delighted with the gift, and took it with him into the carriage; but we do not hear of the flowers being accompanied with the signs of hopeless affection that marked the transfer of the flowers at Edinbro'.

QUANTUM.

IT is estimated that Hen-Fever Burnham made $40,000 a year, while acting as State Liquor Agent for Massachusetts.

IN a recent sermon, the Rev. Dr. Cumming stated that more people went out of London every Sabbath on excursions of pleasure than were found in all the churches and chapels of the city, and that out of a population of three millions, there were but 150,000 communicants in the churches of all evangelical denominations.

THE Massachusetts Spy, alluding to the story told by a Washington letter-writer, to the effect that the Hon. Charles Sumner is "about to resign his seat in the Senate, marry a wife, and take up his permanent residence in England," says: "The fellow invented this story. Nobody told him so. He had no warrant for it. Mr. Sumner is now on his way home, and he will probably be in Boston before the close of the present week. He is in excellent health, and will take his seat in the Senate when Congress assembles."

DR. GRAY, in Utica, has announced to the family of Gerritt Smith, that he will be entirely restored to mental health. It is also his opinion that Mr. Smith's bodily health will be re-established. So prostrated was he when he arrived at Utica, that it was the opinion of his physicians that he would not have survived forty-eight hours longer, had he remained at his home.

☞ As the organ of speech supposes the organ of hearing, so the instinct of complaint supposes the sentiment of compassion.—*De Boufflers.*

ON PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The City Hall was filled on Thursday evening, to listen to the Introductory lecture before the Lyceum, by Dr. George B. Winship, of Roxbury, "the strongest man in America."—On being introduced, the speaker commenced by saying that during the last half century some attention had been paid to physical education; but it had never received that notice which its importance deserved. We had been lectured to by scientific men upon the subject and its various branches; we have been told again, that if we would have pure blood we must have air, yet even now we send our children to school-rooms reeking with miasma, the heart, skin, muscles, and the entire being contaminated by the foul atmosphere which they are compelled to breathe.

JOHNNY.

So it continues, day after day, and when Johnny asks that he may stay away from school to enjoy a day's skating, his father, with a frown, says that unless he loves books more than skating, he will never become a great man, and so with a heart longing to be with his playfellows on the frozen pond, he goes back to that veritable "black hole"—the school-room. But not long can he hold out under such influences, and soon coming home from school, Johnny feels a sudden chill, a fever ensues, and ere long the would-be-great man has gone where he can breathe a purer ether, a diviner air.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

The man of business sits in his counting-room, all engrossed with the cares of trade, no time to spare for healthful and invigorating exercise. He has exceeded a competence, and he has come to be a man of money, and thoughts of retiring from active business come into his mind. Why should they not? He has spells of dizziness, and his frame is weakened, and why should he not give himself the needed relief and rest? Why not make the acquaintance of Nature in her bursting spring, her fragrant summer, her bounteous autumn, her bracing winter? The voice of the Lord God walking in the garden is calling him to come and learn to live before he dies. But he must have a little more money. A panic comes and strikes our model merchant. After days and nights of sleepless toil and anxiety, the storm blows over. The crisis past, he can now consummate his plans, and at last give up his business. But business now gives up him. He staggers and falls. What is the matter? 'Tis a stroke of paralysis. The career of our model man of business is ended, by what we call a "mysterious dispensation of Providence." Yes, life and death are both mysterious. It is mysterious that poisons kill and fire burns. The greater mystery would be if he should live. The speaker wished that he had words to show the importance of the subject—to express the need which exists of great attention to the laws of physical health. True religion requires of us not only obedience to the moral laws of God, to the laws of love which He has written for our guidance, but to those laws which regulate this body which He has made the transient abiding place of immortality.

Many of the crimes and vices of men are produced by a disordered physical system. A man who by constant exercise keeps every limb and muscle in action and has so hardened his frame that the cold of winter or the heat of summer cannot affect him,—is such a man likely to lay his hand on his own or another's life, or to give up the pleasure which arises from his free animal existence for the excitement of drink or debauchery? Dr. Winship, however, would not be understood as favoring physical education exclusively, but only insist that training which does not include that of the body is one-sided. To the question of the best time for physical education to begin, Dr. Winship said, never too early—never too late, not even with threescore and ten. Many instances have been mentioned of its beneficial effects even in extreme old age.

DR. W———'S TRAINING—ITS RESULTS.

But I am here, said Dr. Winship, more to exhibit my own bodily training and its results and the effects of a system of exercise on the health, than to announce any general principles or theories. He said he begun to practice at the age of 17, continued to the present time, and should probably exercise until death. A few dumb bells, a suspended ring, a vaulting pole, and the parallel bars are all that are needed at first. The exercise should be gradually commenced and never be carried to the point of weariness or exhaustion. He included in his training one branch not usual in gymnasiums on account of the abuses arising from it—that of lifting, and soon convinced himself that this was one of the most powerful auxiliaries to physical development. In August of 1855, he began lifting with a weight of only 400 or 500 pounds, although a professed gymnast; but in six months he could lift 700, last autumn 800, in May last 929 pounds, and had since advanced to *one thousand and thirty-two.*

The sustaining power of a weak person is sometimes equal to the lifting force of a strong one, and raising 100 pounds with the hands, is equal to lifting four times the amount with straps. Sir David Brewster asserts that the lower extremities, when they stand upright, can sustain a weight of 4,000 or 5,000 pounds, and we may conclude that a well trained person can raise that amount with straps. With his hands and back the doctor had raised half an engine weighing 4,000 pounds.

STRONG MEN.

The strongest man of whom we have authentic record was Thomas Topham, who exhibited in London about two hundred years ago. He was able to lift with his hands 800 pounds, and with straps and a scaffolding 1,800. The Belgian giant who visited this country some years ago, could also lift 800 pounds with his hands, and straighten himself under two tons. There is no instance known of any person lifting with his hands more than 800 pounds. Topham was 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighed 200 pounds; the height of the Belgian giant was 7 feet 6 inches, and his weight 300 pounds; while Dr. Winship is but 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 142 pounds. We see by this that there are no means of judging a person's strength, but by seeing him lift. Dumb bells, Dr. Winship thought, could not be too highly commended as a means of exercise: he had two weighing 50 pounds each; two of 100 pounds, and one of 150, which can be increased to 250 pounds, and he valued them more than any other instruments in his possession.

TIME FOR EXERCISE.

His average time for exercise is 40 minutes a day, and should his strength increase for the next five years as it has during the last five, at the age of 30 he thought he would have the strength of four common laboring men. He now puts above his head a dumb bell weighing 150 pounds; and says he shall soon be able to put 250, and then he can easily raise a barrel of flour. That he intends to do in a year. Much has been said about diet, but so long as the food is healthy, we need not stop to inquire as to its digestibility. The powers of digestion seem to increase, with the strength of the body, so that now he can digest anything which he can eat.

Objection to the practise of gymnastics has been made by a late French writer, because the stronger a man becomes, the more he disinclines to submit to proper authority. The gymnasts, says this author, were at the head of the French revolution, and had the audacity to question the divine right of kings and avow the divine right of the people. If this be the climax of the proof that the science of gymnastic is a failure—a failure as it nourished a thirst for liberty, and maintained that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," long may such failures be made, till freedom shall be the universal heritage of man. Success in life is success in living, not in becoming a general or a member of Congress. How much better if instead of seeking such objects as these, our youth would learn to be tiller of the soil, loving their occupation for its own sake. But whatever occupation we may be engaged in, all have opportunities of improving their strength and so their health.

HIS PERFORMANCES.

In a short time Mr. Winship again appeared in gymnastic costume, and proceeded to perform some remarkable feats of strength. A stout beam had been set on two uprights at a height of eight or ten feet from the floor of the rostrum, and from this a small strap was suspended, through which Mr. Winship passed the little finger of his right hand, and raised himself till his elbow touched his thigh; after remaining thus for a few seconds he gradually lowered himself to the floor. He then repeated the performance by raising himself with the little finger of his left hand. This feat was original with him, and he was two years in learning to perform it, and succeeded only last April. The Doctor next hung, a dead weight, by his right hand from the strap, and raised himself six times till his chin touched the strap, and then did the same three times with his left.

He next brought forward his largest dumb bell, weighing 150 pounds, raised it in one hand and held it at arm's length above his head. Mr. Montgomery, of New York, held up a dumb bell weighing 108 pounds, and another person in Boston one of 130 pounds, but this was believed to be the largest ever lifted by any man. A barrel of flour had been provided by the manager, and Dr. W. proceeded to lay violent hands on it, and in an instant it was upon his shoulder. This feat, he said, was equal to raising a cannon weighing half a ton, as the arms at one time are at right angles with the body, rendering the lifter almost powerless; especially if he be a small man like Dr. W.

DIET AND HABITS.

DR. W. made some remarks upon diet and habits of life. He seldom used any spirituous or fermented liquors, and then found them injurious, weakening him. He depended chiefly upon white bread for food, and drank much milk, sometimes even a gallon a day. He usually retired to sleep at 10 o'clock in the evening, rose at 8 A. M., and dined at 2. He found that fresh air, day and night, and pure water, were essential for strength; and with proper habits and steady exercise any one might strengthen his form greatly. He contemplates, he says, becoming the strongest man in the world, and we should think he was in a fair way for it.—*Newburyport Herald.*

POLITICAL ITEMS.

KENTUCKY.—Democratic meetings have been held in twenty-six counties. Fourteen have instructed for Mr. Guthrie for President, and twelve have left the delegates uninstructed.

MISSISSIPPI.—ADOPTING MEASURES TO THE EXIGENCY OF THE OCCASION.—GOV. McWILLIE, of Mississippi, in his Annual Message, recommends that the Legislature should make it the duty of the Governor, in the event of the election of a Republican to the Presidency in November, 1860, to issue his proclamation ordering an election for delegates to a State Convention, to be holden on the first Monday of December next thereafter, and the said delegates be appointed to assemble at the capitol, in the city of Jackson, on the third Monday of the said month of December, 1860, for the purpose of adopting such measures as may meet the exigency of the occasion. He further recommends that the other Southern States be invited to co-operate with Mississippi.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The SENATE will be composed of 36 Democrats, 24 Republicans, and 2 Americans. There are 4 vacancies.

The HOUSE contains 237 members—of whom there are 113 Republicans, 93 Administration Democrats, 8 Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and 23 South Americans.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE OF 1860.—The Free States will be entitled to votes in the Electoral College as follows:

Maine,	6	Michigan,	6
New Hampshire,	5	Indiana,	13
Vermont,	5	Illinois,	11
Massachusetts,	13	Iowa,	4
Rhode Island,	4	Wisconsin,	5
Connecticut,	6	California,	4
New York,	35	Minnesota,	4
New Jersey,	7	Oregon,	3
Pennsylvania,	27	Kansas,	3
Ohio,	23		
Total,			186

The Slave-holding States will be entitled to votes in the Electoral College as follows:

Virginia,	15	Louisiana,	6
Delaware,	3	Arkansas,	4
Maryland,	8	Tennessee,	12
North Carolina,	10	Kentucky,	12
South Carolina,	8	Missouri,	9
Georgia,	10	Florida,	3
Alabama,	9	Texas,	4
Mississippi,	7		
Total,			120
Total vote of the Free States,			186
Total vote of the Slave-holding States,			120
Majority of Free States,			66
Aggregate vote of States,			306
Number necessary to elect a President,			154

NEW YORK.—Late returns show the election of that portion of the Democratic ticket supported by the Americans. The official returns from all the counties except three, seem to indicate the election of Skinner, Dem., as Canal Commissioner, by a very small majority. Jones, Dem., for Secretary of State by 929 majority, and Richmond, Dem., for State Engineer, by 1,200 majority. The majority of the Republican candidates who were supported by the Americans is about 25,000.

FIVE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE AGREED ON A BASIS FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THE ITALIAN AFFAIRS—STORMY INTERVIEW BETWEEN GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL—THE GREAT EASTERN AT SOUTHAMPTON—MARINE DISASTERS—COTTON IMPROVED—CONSOLS 96¼a96⅝.

SACKVILLE, Nov. 20.—The steamship Canada, with Liverpool papers of the 5th, and intelligence by telegraph to Queenstown, of Monday the 7th, arrived at Halifax yesterday.

The Hon. Charles Sumner is among her passengers.

Intelligence of additional marine disasters had reached Liverpool. The ship John G. Costar, from Shields for New York, had been wrecked near Yarmouth. The crew were saved. The ship Martha Whitmore, from Cardiff for Mobile, put back on the 2d; her decks were swept, cargo shifted, etc. The Sea Belle, from Swansea for Caldera, had put into Milford Haven, with her masts cut away. The Saint Nicholas, from Havre for New York, was off Falmouth, with loss of foremast. The ship I. J. Boyd, from Liverpool for New York, had put back, but sailed again for her destination.

The steamer Great Eastern arrived at Southampton on the 4th inst., but during the passage she had rough weather and a heavy sea. She rolled and dipped, but with perfect ease. She seemed to swing herself with a sidelong, gentle motion over every wave, dropping deeply and easily beyond them with regular, slow rolls, often deep enough to leave one paddle wheel turning high and dry. This motion is attributed to her very light immersion, and having no upper weight to counterbalance the coals below. The whole roll was only about eight degrees each way. The greatest speed attained was close on eighteen miles per hour, and the run was more satisfactory than either of the previous trips.

A telegraphic despatch from Paris states that the English and French Governments are completely agreed on the basis for the European Congress which is to be held in Brussels. All that remained to be settled was the official ratification of the agreement by the British Government.

A vague report prevails that Gen. Garibaldi, at an interview with the King of Sardinia, had declared that Italy had been betrayed, and that he would head a revolution to protect her liberties. The King protested against such a proceeding.

ENGLAND.—Great activity prevails at Woolwich Arsenal, in the preparation of material for the coast defences, and for the expedition against China. The fortifications at Dover are to be extended forthwith, and several batteries were to be reconstructed.

FRANCE.—The organization of the French army for China is considered as definitely settled, and preparations for the embarkation have commenced.

The French Government, it is said, has resolved on establishing a naval station on the Red Sea.

The cholera has appeared among the French troops engaged in the expedition against Morocco. Several distinguished officers have died, including Col. Lafont, commanding the engineers. The ravages exceeded fifty per day, and the total deaths have been 1,500.

A Russian squadron of six vessels is to remain at their Mediterranean station, where they winter.

It is reiterated that the Pope has promised to grant the reforms recommended by the Emperor Napoleon, after the insurgents in the Romagna have returned to their allegiance.

THE LATEST BY TELEGRAPH—VIA QUEENSTOWN.

MADRID, Nov. 5.—An official decree has been published, appointing Gen. O'Donnell Commander-in-Chief.

PARIS, Saturday, Nov. 5.—There is an improved feeling on the Bourse, and the funds are all higher. Rentes 70a. 15d.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—The troops to be contributed by India to the China expedition will be 5,000 Europeans and 4,000 natives.

The Plenipotentiaries have received orders to sign the treaty of peace, and it is believed it will be signed to-morrow, and a convocation, to be held at Paris, will be followed immediately.

GENOA, Nov. 6.—Rumors are current that an assembly will shortly be held, in which Modena and the Romagna will take part. It is asserted that the object would be to present Count Cavour as a candidate for the dictatorship of one province of Central Italy.

The subscriptions to the loan continue. The applications have become more numerous, and it is asserted that more than the amount required is already subscribed.

The four assemblies of Central Italy will be called together to receive from the government communications on the subject of the present situation of public affairs.

The convocation of the States of Modena and Parma takes place on Sunday, and it is supposed that the King of Sardinia will be asked to grant the regency.

LIVERPOOL, Monday, Nov. 7.—[By Telegraph from Liverpool to Queenstown.]—The market opened quiet, but steady, this morning, under the news from America by the Africa.

STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from Manchester are of a favorable character, all the markets closing firm. Holders were asking for an advance in prices, which had a tendency to check business.

FRIDAY, Nov. 4.—The Cotton market has been steady, with a slight improvement on middling qualities, the extreme prices being ⅛d higher than the last quotations. The other qualities are without change.

The sales to-day are estimated at 10,000 bales, including 2000 bales to speculators and for export. The market closed steady at the following authorized quotations:

	Fair.	Middling.
New Orleans,	8d	7 7-16d
Mobile,	7⅞d	7⅛d
Uplands,	7⅛d	6 15-16

Fair and middling qualities have improved, partially ⅛d. There is a stock of 457,000 bales now in port, including 398,000 bales of American grades.

SATURDAY, Nov. 5.—The Cotton market to-day is firm, full prices being obtained. The sales are estimated at 10,000 bales, including 2000 bales to speculators and exporters.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The Breadstuffs market is generally quiet. Wheat and Corn have slightly improved. Corn firm, with an advance of 6d to 10d on the week. Flour is dull.

Provisions dull. Beef heavy. Pork steady. Bacon dull. Lard firm. Sugars quiet. Coffee dull; sales unimportant. Rice steady. Rosin dull and slightly declined; common 3s 3d@4s. Turpentine Spirits dull at 34@35s.—a slight decline. Pot Ashes steady at 27s 6d. Pearls steady at 27s 9@28s. Sugar quiet. Coffee dull, and sales unimportant.—Rice steady; Spirits Turpentine slightly lower; sales at 35s@34s on the spot, and to arrive at 34s 6d.—Tea dull, but prices unchanged. Iron dull at £5 10s for best Rails and Bars, Pig 54s.

☞ THE CRESCENDO OF IMPATIENCE.—A village dame was thus heard calling from her cottage door to a child, playing in the distance, and hearing but not heeding its mother.

"Lizzie, luv!"

"Liz—a—Buth!"

"E—Liz—er—Buth!"

"Bess, you young Hussie!"

JANETTE.

When I was young, and you were young,
Janette, my own Janette,
When merriment was on the tongue,
And eyes were seldom wet;
Ah! how I loved my darling one,
Red-cheeked and laughing-eyed!
In all the lands beneath the sun
Who had a fairer bride?

Nor ever summer sunshine fell
More brightly than your hair,
Nor could the tales that poets tell
With your gay smile compare
How loved we one another then!
How glad we were at heart!
But now at threescore years and ten
How quick the tears will start!

For I am old, and you are old,
Janette,—my own Janette!
Nor are your tresses bright as gold,
Your lips like crimson yet;
For you have kissed the brow of Care,
Sung Resignation's psalm,
But underneath your snowy hair,
Your brow is very calm.

My white-haired bride!—my patient wife!
Our barque of youth is wrecked;
Yet will I, on this shoal of life,
"Love, cherish and protect."

—Springfield Republican.

POMMEROY ABBEY.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

XII.

Strange commotion was in the abbey of Pommeroy. A young child was dying. Children die every day, are mourned and forgotten; but the circumstances attending this child's anticipated death were deemed to be strange. It was the third infant of Leolin and Lady Anna Pommeroy's who had thus been prematurely cut off, and all unexpectedly. Some slight ailment, common to infancy, had attacked it, it was thought to be recovering, and now it was seized suddenly with convulsions. Precisely had it been so with the two former, now mouldering away in the Pommeroy vaults; would this child follow them?

But that very morning it had been better; almost well; and Leolin Pommeroy had stood over its cradle laughing and talking, as he discussed with his wife some joyful news. It had been the dream of his later life to dispossess the young lord of Pommeroy and to reign in his stead; there was but one way of hoping to accomplish it—the getting the Court of Rome to annul the marriage of the young lord's parents. For this had Leolin been working for years, now hoping for success, now despairing. That morning he had received a letter from one of the cardinals, giving him strong hopes, founded upon new grounds. Lady Anna was then with her child, and Leolin went to tell her, motioning the attendants away.

"At last, Anna," he exclaimed, "I shall soon once more hail you as lady of Pommeroy!"

"Have they dissolved the marriage, then?" she returned, in a quiet voice, as if the news were a matter of indifference to her.

"No; and they will not do it; the marriage is to stand good, once and for all. But the Vatican will refuse to recognize any as lord of Pommeroy, save Rupert—my brother Rupert, the wanderer; and it will recognize me as lord during Rupert's absence. Rupert, you know, can never return, so I reign for life."

"Leolin, darling, it is not just; the young lord is the heir, failing Rupert; let him reign. How can we be happier than we are?" added Lady Anna, looking up with a bright smile. "The baby is almost well; what more need we care for?"

Leolin Pommeroy bent over the cradle. The baby smiled at him, and closed its little fist round the forefinger Leolin had placed within it. It was a fine boy, about six months old.

"You young Turk! you'd like to keep me your prisoner, would you? He will be quite well in a day or two, Anna."

"Oh, quite. Leolin," she continued, in an impassioned whisper, "I think if this child had followed the other two, I should almost have died."

Leolin brought his face up from his boy's, and bent it on his wife's.

"Forget his danger, Anna love, he is well again; and therefore the more reason why I should look after the succession; our child must succeed me in it."

Lady Anna laughed.

"There may be logic in that hope, Leolin, but there's certainly not reason. Your brother Rupert is older than you; and, I should fancy, not likely to be a long liver; at his death the young lord must be lord of Pommeroy without dispute."

"We don't know that," said Leolin, significantly; let me once get into power as the reigning lord, and things may turn out as I will."

This was in the morning. At seven that evening a terrified woman burst into the dining room with the news that the baby was in convulsions. Lady Anna, with a stifled cry, flew to its chamber, followed by her husband. The child's life was ebbing fast.

Lady Anna turned her white face upon her husband—it was full of deep meaning, of dread, and she spoke in a whisper.

"There is some strange fate upon us, Leolin, and you provoke it. Three times have you been on the point, or seemed to be, of dispossessing that boy, Sybilla's child, and each time our child's life has paid for it. When the news first came, two years ago, that Rome would aid you to dispossess the young lord, our baby sickened, and died ere the day was over. One year ago, and news came the second time that Rome would certainly aid you to dispossess the boy, and our second baby died. Now you have heard to the same effect again, and this, our last darling is dying. And yet—Leolin!—you are not a bit nearer your ambition than you were, for the young lord is the lord still."

"I am astonished at you, Anna! At any other moment I should reprove you. They have been mere common coincidences, such as occur in everybody's life. Put away fancies so ridiculous, my dearest."

"I wish I could put away my baby's danger," she returned, in a wailing tone. "Oh, Leolin, I tell you I think I shall go with him, if he is to die."

Leolin could do no good in the sick-chamber, men do not like to stay in such, and what with nurses and other attendants, there was no room for him. He was ardently attached to the child, and he went outside and paced underneath the piazza in the court-yard, feeling that he would almost give his life to save that frail one flitting away. But ere he had left his own hall, a noble-looking boy, of eleven or twelve years old, entered it and confronted him. It was Leolin's *bete noire*, the young lord of Pommeroy.

"Will you tell me how the baby is, Uncle Leolin?" he began. "They have been bringing tidings to mamma that it is worse. Is it true?"

"Get out, you serpent! how dare you enter my house?" foamed Leolin, venting his anguish and his ill-temper on the child. "All this is through you," he added, though what feelings prompted the words, he best could tell.

The child, Rupert, did not answer him; his face expressed sorrow for his intemperate uncle; noble in mind as in person, he would not retort. But another did; one who had stolen in after the young lord. Though but a child yet, she had the haughty, the fearless spirit of the Pommeroys, and she could speak as intemperately, if she pleased, as could her Uncle Leolin.

"I can tell you what, Uncle Leolin, you are a fool, and nothing less."

"Hold your tongue, Mary. What do you do here?"

"I came because I saw Rupert coming. And I shall not ask your leave to go where I please in the abbey—I shall ask his. He is the lord, and you only live in it because he lets you. It is a good thing for you that I was not a boy, or you should not."

Leolin constrained his temper, feeling how worse than absurd it was to betray it to these children; feeling how beneath his dignity it would be to resent Mary Pommeroy's words.

"Indeed," cried he, with an air of indifference.

"It is a very good thing," she repeated.—"Had I been a boy, I should have been the lord in spite of you all. You don't think you should have been allowed to treat me as you treat Rupert. The abbey laughs at you behind your back."

"What do you say?"

"It does. Everybody in it—except, I dare say, Lady Anna, and she would, if she were not your wife. Mamma laughs at you, and the lady laughs at you, and the servants all laugh at you; they say, 'The fool Leolin Pommeroy makes of himself through his envy of the young lord!' Why, you might just as well try to dethrone the Pope himself, you know, as try to dethrone Rupert."

Leolin Pommeroy held wide the hall door, and sternly motioned the children through it towards their own apartments. The young lord walked away courteously, but Mary Pommeroy went with a defiant step, and a defiant and gleeful laugh.

"If you are so rude, Mary, you shall not be the abbey's lady when you grow up," spoke Rupert, reprovingly. "You don't hear me retort upon Uncle Leolin. If people are not civil to me, there's the more reason, mamma says, for my being civil to them, to teach them better manners. And a true lord of Pommeroy, she says, is always courteous."

"I shall be the lady," returned Miss Mary Pommeroy, paying attention to the first part of his sentence only—"I shall, and I will.—Everybody says I ought to be, and so do you say it, Rupert. I shall rule the abbey when I grow up, and everybody in it, except you."

Leolin had gone out and was pacing the piazza, his heart full of resentment and bitterness. Resentment against what, or whom? He could not have told, had he been asked.—It was an indisputable fact, that each of the times which had seemed to bring his wrong and ambitious dreams near to him, had witnessed the death of his child—the first, the second, and now—Leolin was sure that it was dying—the third. Was a fate pursuing him? Leolin, in his superstition, asked himself the question.

It was a cold night in January, very bright, the stars and the moon shining. He had no overcoat, but he did not feel the want of it; his inward fever of thought kept his body warm. He had not paced there long when his sister came to him, her face unusually dark and stern.

"Leolin, what is it that is amiss with the child?" she began.

"Convulsions," was the curt reply. "He is dying."

She walked by his side in silence for some moments.

"Why do you bring it upon yourself?" she presently said, in a low tone.

"*Bring* it upon myself?" repeated Leolin, with almost a scream of defiance.

"Yes, bring it upon yourself," calmly repeated Miss Pommeroy. "Leolin, how dare you, how can you be so mad, as to be ever striving to deprive Sybilla's child of his rights?"

"Because he is Sybilla's child," was the answer.

"Paha! He is George's. And George was the lord of Pommeroy. You cannot kick against fate, Leolin; but fate can kick against you. Have you forgotten the scene of Gaunt's death-bed?"

"Who told you of that?" he quickly uttered.

"It is known abroad, Leolin. You will do well to recall his words; they might have been to you either a blessing or a curse; hitherto you have made them the latter. '*As you deal by this child, so may you be prosperous in your own children.*' They were Gaunt's words to you, Leolin. And how have you dealt by the child? and how have you prospered in your own children? Be wise in time; do away with your animosity and your plots against Rupert, and then perhaps you may be happy in children of your own."

"We are a superstitious race, I know," sarcastically rejoined Leolin, "but I have yet to learn that importance should be attached to the prejudiced ravings of a dying man."

"What did Gaunt himself tell you!" quickly returned Miss Pommeroy—"to take heed how you despised the warning of a dying man. Leolin, there are things in earth that we cannot explain or account for, things that we may not dream of in our limited philosophy; why is it that the words of one, dying to this world, are so often found to be warnings, true as if they came from Heaven? Is it, that, at that moment, the spirit has caught a portion of the divine knowledge it is hastening to, and can discern the future? I know not; you know not; but we both do know that these death admonitions are often strangely worked out; we both know that Gaunt's warning to you has so been."

"You are dreaming, yourself, Joan."

"A good thing if we had all been dreaming, of late years," was the reply. "You received news from Rome this morning."

"From the new cardinal. They will not annul the marriage; that question is set at rest. But they will recognize Rupert—our brother Rupert—as the lord, and me as his sole representative."

"What end will that answer?" scornfully returned Miss Pommeroy. "Rupert will not live for ever; he cannot; and then the boy is lord of Pommeroy again; the true, reigning lord, to be dispossessed by none."

"That time may be far off, further than your life or mine, for we may never hear of Rupert's death. He may be dead now, for all we know; and until we do hear of it, I shall be the lord of Pommeroy."

"You never will, then, Leolin. I tell you that you cannot act against fate. I see not how you will be prevented, but you will be: for fate has been working against you ever since Gaunt's death. And how little you make yourself in the sight of all around, you, a Pommeroy. Only this night you insulted the boy, and the tale of it is running through the abbey."

"So he went whining away with it, did he?"

"No. But you spoke in the hearing of Mary Pommeroy. And you know what she is."

"I know that she has an insolent spirit, and that it ought to be beaten out of her."

"She has Guy's spirit; but Mary has her good points. Mrs. Pommeroy has not repressed her will, and it has grown to a mastery, but she is a truthful child and the soul of honor."

"You are all in league against me—"

"Leolin!"

"You are. You would wish me tamely to give up my pretensions to my father's home and honors, in favor of that changeling boy, Rupert Pommeroy."

"Leolin, you forget yourself. George was older than you, and Rupert is George's son and heir. You have been wrong from the beginning; right is right, and cannot be set aside: had you been a true Pommeroy, you would never have sought to do it. Even Lady Anna sees how wrong you are."

"I care not who sees it," foamed Leolin. "I will be lord of Pommeroy in spite of you all, and it is no puny child, born of Sybilla Gaunt, who shall—Joan, what is the matter?"

They were then in front of the west tower, and Miss Pommeroy had halted in her walk, and stood gazing upwards as if turned to stone. She clasped Leolin, and pointed to the window of the haunted room.

"Leolin—see!—there!"

Close to the window, glaring down upon them with its ghastly face, was the spirit of the ill-fated Guy, lord of Pommeroy. At times, for the last few months, it had been conspicuous, frightening the inmates of the abbey to sickness, almost to death. Never had it looked more shadowy, more ghastly, than it looked now.

Joan Pommeroy hid her head and shivered, Leolin groaned; but before a word was spoken by either, Mrs. Pommeroy had joined them.

"Leolin, I can no longer bear it," she sobbed forth in her horror, "it is killing me; something must be done, something devised. I would rather die, than live the life I am leading."

"Devised!" echoed Leolin Pommeroy, "devise resistance to a spirit that is not at rest! Who can do it?"

"I could bear all, but for that look of reproach it carries in its eyes," continued Mrs. Pommeroy, with a shudder. "Did you notice that to-night?"

"A reproach that tells home to her," thought Leolin, but he was humane enough not to say it. "Why do you sit where you can see the west rooms, Mrs. Pommeroy?"

"I must sit there; I must; some power that I cannot resist fascinates me to it. Let me be where I will, no matter in what part of the abbey, at Lady Anna's, at Sybilla's, or out in the grounds, or away in the village, the moment dusk creeps on I am compelled to go where I can see the haunted rooms. It is as if a cord drew me; I cannot resist it, and there I sit and watch—and watch—and shake and shiver till I see the spirit, and then, when it comes, I cry aloud for aid or I faint away. If it does not come, I am ill with expectancy, and watch through the livelong night; feverishly yearning for what I dread to see. It is killing me."

"You should leave the abbey for a time."

"It would follow me," moaned Mrs. Pommeroy.

As she spoke, again the figure appeared at the window, for a moment only, and then seemed to vanish into air. A choking sob caught the breath of Mrs. Pommeroy.

"Leolin," whispered Joan, "they bring news of your child."

A servant was approaching whom they knew to be from the sick-room. Her countenance was mournful; her tread heavy. Leolin turned to her with a bursting heart.

"It is gone, sir. And my lady is senseless."

The Pommeroys observed curious customs. One was, that on the event of a death in the family, a large melancholy-looking flag with the Pommeroy escutcheon was hoisted half-mast high over the abbey gates, and kept there so long as the corpse remained above ground. The flag was white and the escutcheon black, and altogether, as it waved about, it put spectators in mind of a skull and cross-bones.

The flag was kept in the keep; to keep it in the abbey would have been a violation of the old Pommeroy habits; consequently, as soon as the child was gone, the first order issued was to fetch the flag—the death-flag, as it was called in the abbey and in the neighborhood. Jeffs and one of the other serving-men were deputed to the mission. They had left the abbey behind them, and were turning off to the grassy hollow that would take them to the keep, when they encountered Bridget, who had been spending the day with her sister, and consequently knew nothing of what had just happened.

"Thee'rt home early," cried Jeffs, who was fond of adopting the familiar mode of speech.

"Ay," answered the woman, "I grew restless, and I couldn't stop. Whenever these fits of restlessness come upon me, I look upon it that it's a sign I'm wanted elsewhere. Anyways, I was fidgety, and I came away."

"We are off to fetch the death flag."

Bridget drew in her breath.

"Who is gone?" she asked, in a tone of awe.

"The young child."

"He! Why, he was all but well this morning."

"At all events, he's gone now. And the lord has been seen again," added Jeffs, in a whisper.

"Has he!" responded Bridget, with deeper awe.

"He was at the tower window, ghastlier than ever. Mr. Leolin saw him and Miss Pommeroy."

Bridget gave a shiver; her "flesh was creeping," she said.

"Which of you two will go along with me to the abbey gates?" asked she.

Neither volunteered, and neither would, even at Bridget's urging. They must speed away to bring the flag, they said; Mr. Leolin brooked no delay in his orders, any more than did the rest of the Pommeroys. Bridget was at a nonplus; what with the death she had just heard of, the news that the ghost was abroad that night, and her own superstitious feelings and fancies, she did not care to go on to the abbey alone, short as the distance was. There appeared but one alternative, and that was to accompany the men to the keep, and come back with them; at anyrate, it would ensure her companionship.

They proceeded unmolested along the low ground, and were ascending the slope of the keep, talking in an under tone of dread things. All in a moment something swiftly passed them with a rush and a whirl—it was close to them, they might have put out their hands and touched it, and its stony eyes glared upon them as it passed—the apparition of Guy, lord of Pommeroy. Bridget clutched hold of her companions, with an awful shriek, and sank upon her knees on the ground; the men's hair rose up above their heads, and their teeth chattered.

How they lugged Bridget to the narrow doorway of the keep, or how they got to it themselves, and thundered at it till Jerome came, they best knew. Bridget made a rush at old Jerome and seized his legs, thereby pretty nearly upsetting him.

"The saints have mercy on us all, Jerome! there's the ghost in the hollow."

"It was here this blessed night," wailed Jerome.

"Here!"

"Inside the keep. I saw it with my own eyes. What have you come here for?"

"The death-flag. Lady Anna's child's gone."

The old man lifted his hands.

"How many more of the Pommeroys are to go, ere death shall be satisfied?"

"One more," whispered Bridget; "Mr. Rupert; and then the poor wandering spirit of the murdered lord will be laid to rest. I have said it from the first."

They were going home, the two men bearing between them the furled flag, for it was large and heavy, and Bridget catching hold of both of them and walking with her head ducked down, when a most extraordinary incident occurred. Walking towards them in the cold winter's night, without bonnet or shawl, or any other wrappering over her evening dress of black velvet, with rich white lace on its low body and sleeves, came Mary Pommeroy. Bridget, who had lifted her eyes at the footsteps, shrieked out again, for she positively thought it had been a spirit.

"They are saying in the abbey, that papa's in the hollow to-night," said the young lady, as they stopped in their astonishment, "and I have come to see. I have never seen him; others have professed to distinguish him at the haunted windows, but I have not; I want to see what he is like."

"She is off her head!" ejaculated Bridget, in a half-whisper.

"You are off your head yourself for saying it," retorted Miss Mary Pommeroy. "Is it so strange I should want to see papa, with all this commotion about him in the abbey? Brill came in just now, and said he had seen the lord in the hollow; they had to give him some brandy, for he was prostrate with fright. And I have come out to see him. I will see him if he is to be seen."

"And you have no fear!" uttered Bridget, aghast.

"Fear!" scornfully returned Mary Pommeroy. "No. I have the Pommeroy spirit, but not the Pommeroy superstition."

"You will catch your death, Miss Mary," returned Bridget again, while the two men stood uncovered in the child's presence. "Could you have put nothing on you, if you must have come?"

"Of course I could not; had they known I was coming, they would have stopped me. Have you seen anything of papa?"

"What has come over her!" Bridget continued to mutter; "it's against human nature to be so devoid of fear. We shall see nothing, Miss Mary," she added, aloud: "a looked-for ghost never comes."

As if to confute the woman's words, the same rushing sound, as of garments passing them, was heard, and a shadowy figure neared them. Its dull eyes were strained on the child, and the child's were strained on it—the spirit of her father. Mary Pommeroy, brave as she had professed herself, shuddered forth a smothered cry, as she looked after it gliding away in the moonlight; and, to increase the solemnity of the scene to the horror-stricken group, the death-bell tolled out at that moment from the abbey chapel, for the soul of the infant, just departed.

XIII.

The lady of Pommeroy sat in her drawing-room with her boy, the young lord, when a servant entered and said that Jerome had come up from the keep and craved speech with her. She desired him to be admitted. The abbey was sunk in silence and sadness; nearly a fortnight had elapsed since the burial of the infant, but Lady Anna Pommeroy's life had since then hung upon a thread; she was beginning now to recover, and everybody was glad. Jealousy and dissension reigned in many hearts in the abbey, the retainers of one household even would cherish ill-feelings to those of another, and perhaps the only one who was really beloved by all, was Lady Anna. Had she died, it would have been regarded as a great and universal calamity.

Jerome came in, his white hair flowing on his shoulders. Of late years he had acquired a sad look of care.

"I would speak with the lady alone," he said, bending his head with reverence.

"Rupert, my darling, go into the study to your tutor," said the lady of Pommeroy.

"I would rather pay a visit to Mary, and hear her tell about the ghost again, mamma."

"As you will, my boy; it is your hour of leisure."

"Jerome," cried the young lord as he passed him, "has it been seen at the keep since?"

The old man shook his head.

"I misdoubt me, sir, that it will soon be laid."

"The servants have sat up to watch, but it has never been seen since the night it appeared to my cousin Mary in the hollow, when Jeffs and the other were bringing home the death-flag. I wish I had seen it; they talk so much of the strange face of my uncle Guy."

"Madame," said Jerome, drawing near to the lady of Pommeroy as the boy withdrew, "the closing scene is certainly at hand."

"You think so, Jerome?"

"Nay, it is no thought. If ever the death-sweats were gathering on a man, they are now gathering on him. I said I should come up to the abbey, and he did not say me nay; times and times, when I would have come up before, he has said, 'No; wait; when the death-sweats are on my brow, then summons them.'"

"I will come down," said the lady of Pommeroy. "And bring—whom?"

"None but Mr. Leolin."

"Not Mrs. Pommeroy?"

"Madam, no. I could not take upon myself to counsel it. His hatred to her is deadly. I go also for Father Andrew."

"Jerome, you have had a trying time. If it be in my power, as the mother of the young lord—he will be the true lord now—to recompense your fidelity in any way—"

"The lady is very kind," interrupted Jerome. "I have seen the Pommeroys dwindle away, one after another; the old lord first, and then his sons, all save Mr. Leolin; nothing is left for old Jerome, but to hope soon to go after them."

"Nay, but I trust you will live many years, Jerome. These dark days will pass away, and there may be comfort in store for you yet. You would be faithful to my child."

"Faithful to your child, madam! Ay, that would I. Is he not a Pommeroy? and was not his sire, Mr. George, with his merry heart, dearer to me than some of the rest were?"

Jerome backed out as he spoke. He took his way to the residence of Father Andrew, which was close at hand, and saw the priest.

"Father," he said, "you must come with me to the keep."

"What's up now?" cried the priest, who was fond of his joke. "Have you got a goose for supper, and want me to help you carve it and eat it? I'm at your service. But it's fast day, Jerome."

Jerome dropped his voice to one of grave import.

"It is to shrive a dead man."

"To—shrive—what do you say?" wondered the priest, who had never known Jerome joke before."

"To shrive the erring soul of a dead man, father; a man who has been dead to the world more than nine years. I bid you come in the name of the lords of Pommeroy."

Meanwhile the lady of Pommeroy attired herself for walking, and she then sought Leolin in his apartments. Visits from the lady to him were rare indeed; his resentment against the young lord precluded much courtesy between them, and he looked surprised. One of Leolin's felt grievances against the lady of Pommeroy was, that through her judicious treatment and management—at least, very much was no doubt owing to that—her son, instead of dying off, a sickly shoot, was growing up strong and hearty, promising now to be as healthy and powerful in body as were any of the famed lords of Pommeroy.

"Leolin," she began, "I have had a summons to the keep, and I am about to obey it. You must go with me."

"A summons to Jerome?" was his sarcastic retort.

"Jerome brought it me. He would have brought the like to you, but that I deemed it better to come to you myself. One is lying there, at the point of death, who would see both you and me."

Leolin was surprised and staggered.

"Lying at the keep! Who?"

She dropped her voice to a whisper.

"The lord of Pommeroy."

Leolin could not comprehend. He stared at her in amazement and confusion.

"He who has been an exile and a wanderer for these nine years, Leolin, my brother-in-law and your brother. He is come back again, the true and only lord of Pommeroy, and he is under Jerome's care at the keep—dying."

Leolin caught up his hat as one dazed, and went forth with her.

"Poor Rupert! poor ill-fated Rupert!" he uttered, "is he back at last?"

Leolin, in the courtesy of a gentleman, though from his indulged ill-feeling it went against the grain, gave her his arm. The lady of Pommeroy took it, and they bent their steps through the hollow towards the keep; Leolin turning his head from side to side in the twilight that was fast gathering.

"Pray the Virgin that Guy's spirit may not appear to us this night," he murmured, half aloud, in his superstition.

"Ah, Leolin, do not fear," she said; "it will soon be laid now."

"With Rupert's death," he returned; "some of them have said it. When did Rupert arrive?"

"Speak of him as the lord, Leolin. I told you, years ago, that none else had any legal right to the title."

Jerome was already back, and Father Andrew was alone with the invalid.

"How is the lord now, Jerome?" the lady inquired, as they were admitted to the keep.

"As he was, madam. There will be no change for the better."

Father Andrew came down from an upper room almost immediately. If ever a man looked perplexed and scared, he did at that moment.

"The Sacraments are to wait," he said, staring at Leolin; "the lord would see you first."

Jerome led the way up-stairs, and held the door of a chamber open, for the lady of Pommeroy and Leolin to pass in. Leolin approached the bed on tiptoe. The windows were narrow and deeply set in the wall, and the daylight, besides, was growing dim, so that he had to bend over the bed to discern the features of him who lay upon it.

"Rupert, welcome home," he said; "Rupert—"

With a cry that sounded too wild in its terror for anything human, Leolin Pommeroy started back. He saw not the handsome Rupert lying on the bed, but the ghastly features of the apparition; the glazed eyes and the hare-lip of Guy, lord of Pommeroy.

Sybilla laid hold of Leolin to detain him, perhaps to reassure him.

"It is Guy himself, Leolin," she whispered; "it is not his spirit."

Leolin sank down on a chair, utterly confounded, the drops of perspiration oozing from his forehead. He was doubting whether he was in a dream; he was doubting what was true around him, what false; he was doubting whether that, on the bed, was Guy in the spirit, or Rupert in the body, with the semblance of Guy's face. The head turned itself slowly round on the pillow, and the dull eyes sought his.

"Leolin, my brother," came to his ear in a hoarse whisper; and the voice was Guy's; not Rupert's.

"Leolin," cried Sybilla, "you will recognize Guy as the true lord of Pommeroy; whatever may have happened, while he lives, the title is his—"

"Guy, yes! yes!" Leolin interrupted; "who would dispute *his* right?"

"Well, Leolin, he has never forfeited it. It was Rupert who was killed, not Guy."

"I cannot understand," he uttered.

"In that scuffle in the haunted room, the one killed was Rupert," she resumed. "It was supposed to be the lord, and he was buried as the lord, but it was Rupert. The lord escaped."

"I beat him to death," broke in the lord from his bed, in a tone of concentrated fury. "I put a bullet in his head, and then I beat his face to pieces. Leolin, he was your brother and mine, the son of our father and mother; nevertheless I but gave him what he richly merited. I am on my dying bed, and I tell you but the truth; let it pass."

Leolin was confounded still.

"The spirit haunting the next rooms—your spirit—"

"Was myself," interposed the lord. "Can you wonder that I haunted them in the body, to gaze on what was once my happy home?"

"You brought nearly death to some of us, death from terror, Guy," spoke Leolin, reapproaching the bed.

"Had I brought death to one who saw me, who watched for me, I should have brought her her deserts," ferociously spoke the lord; "Rupert paid the penalty of his guilt; she, equally guilty, lives. But people don't die from fright, Leolin; and the rest of you can make the ghost a joke for your future lives."

Leolin was turning things over in his mind.

"Did you know it was no ghost?" he asked, addressing the lady of Pommeroy.

"I knew it; I and Jerome alone," she replied. "Stay, Leolin—I see what that reproachful look means; you think I ought to have told you and Lady Anna. But I was under an oath of secrecy to Guy, not to breathe a word of his existence. Once or twice I thought you must have suspected the truth, when I insisted upon it that *the lord* was the lord still; you could not expect I should call the sinful, erring Rupert lord of Pommeroy; at least you ought not to have expected it."

"And how did you learn it?" demanded Leolin.

"I will tell you. When the news of the fatal affray came out to us in India, the full particulars of Guy's murder by Rupert, my husband had no scruple in assuming his right as lord of Pommeroy. We were up the country on the hills, having gone there for my health and the children's—we had two then. George had temporary leave of absence, and we discussed our plans, which were for him to sell out, and that we should return to England and live at the abbey. Imagine our consternation, then, when we were visited there by Guy—by Guy *himself*, the dead lord, dead as we had supposed."

"I startled you, Sybilla," spoke up that hoarse voice from the bed; but it was growing feeble now.

"You startled George more, Guy," she replied. "I believe he really did think it was your spirit, as they have thought here. We learnt the true version of the affair, Leolin; we learnt"—the lady dropped her voice as she

spoke—"the wrong, the provocation done to Guy by Rupert. He said he should be a wanderer forever, and he insisted upon George's retaining the title and revenues of Pommeroy. George acquiesced, as a matter of precaution, for it might have been dangerous to let it get abroad that Guy lived; but come over to assume sovereignty here, he would not. Guy would take but the merest pittance for his own wants, and we enjoyed the rest. Upon George's death, Guy came to me again; he pressed me to return home, and assume sway at Pommeroy in right of my child, and I obeyed."

"In a few hours' time he will be the true, legitimate lord of Pommeroy," interrupted Guy. "Leolin, your opposition to him must end with this night."

"I thought Rupert was alive, you see," stammered Leolin, feeling suddenly ashamed, he could not tell why, of his machinations against young Rupert.

"And what if he had been?" retorted Guy, with all his old sternness, "who else, save the child, had a right to be the reigning lord? Sybilla, he is a brave boy; I have heard much of him from Jerome; he will make a more worthy lord than some of us did. Is it true that he and—and—my child—are attached to each other?"

"Very much, indeed. But, Guy—if I understand the bent of your thoughts aright—I would remind you that because they are attached as children, it does not follow that they will be, as man and woman."

"I know that," he faintly replied; "I was but looking to a contingency. Should it prove that the attachment continues, Sybilla, you will not set your face against my child, from remembrance of her mother's sin?"

"I will not," she solemnly said. "You have my promise."

"And Leolin, be you a witness to her mother, should the question ever arise, that it was *my wish*," he laid a stress upon the words, "should other circumstances be favorable to it, that my child should become lady of Pommeroy. I have made my will, and you are Mary's guardian."

"Guy," Leolin interrupted, "you talk of dying, but I know not what disease is upon you. Is there no hope?"

"None."

"If there were, you might live among us again, and resume your position as chief.—There would be no punishment inflicted on you; you but avenged yourself on one who did you foul wrong."

"Resume my place among you again!—with *her*?"

"Divorce her," hissed Leolin, between his closed teeth.

"No. But for my child I should have done that long ago. As it is, I leave her to her conscience. I am dying of an incurable, inward disease, Leolin, induced by mortification and grief. It was that brought me to England again; I came to consult the medical men in London. After a few months' stay there, during which I learnt that nothing could be done for me, and that a short period must close it, I came down last autumn to Jerome. When my father on his death-bed made me promise that the keep should be Jerome's home in his latter days, he little thought it would also be mine. Here I have been since autumn, and here I shall die."

There was a great deal yet that staggered Leolin.

"How could you have got into the haunted room unseen?" he asked.

The lord looked up at his old servant, who was in his full confidence, and had been in his father's before him.

"Shall we tell him the secret, Jerome?—strictly speaking, it ought to be known but to the lords of Pommeroy. I imparted it to George; and Sybilla holds it for her child."

"Ah, sir, what matters it?" was the answer. "The future lords of Pommeroy will have less cause for secrets, maybe, than some of those that are past. And Mr. Rupert knew it."

"Yes, and so brought the curse upon the house," impetuously spoke the lord. "There is a subterranean passage, Leolin, from this place, the keep, to the haunted room in the west tower. The entrance to the room is behind the nun's picture; the panel turns noiselessly. That was how Rupert entered—that was how I entered, and caught him there. It is how I have entered lately, when it has been my pleasure to roam about those rooms in an evening; there is a set of keys to their locks; the bunch hangs in the underground passage."

Leolin turned to Jerome.

"You knew of this secret communication, between the keep and the abbey?"

"Before you were born, sir."

Again Leolin bent over his brother.

"Guy, is it to be made known—the fact that it is you who lived, and that Rupert died?"

A smile, actually a smile, but a ghastly one, flitted over the lord's face.

"By to-morrow morning I shall be as dead as Rupert, what then can it matter to me?—Yes, it must be made known, for the sake of the young lord's right; that will now be indisputable; and my will must be proved. You have marvelled, I hear, that George, during his reign, and Sybilla since, suffered a large portion of the revenues of Pommeroy to accumulate; the sum thus realized is mine, to dispose of as I will. Most of it will be yours, Leolin."

His voice had been growing so feeble while he spoke, that they were alarmed, and suggested the recall of Father Andrew, who was waiting below. But, before they retired, Leolin again put a question to the lord.

"Guy, would you not see your—I mean Mrs. Pommeroy?"

"Not while I live. Bring her to see me as the breath goes out of my body. Tell her it was to *him* she brought death that night; not to me. Tell her that if I have been lenient in suffering her to retain my name and the rights she forfeited, she owes it to her child. I would have seen Joan, but she is away again."

The priest took their place, and they retired, to sit round the fire in the lower room of the keep. Leolin buried his face in his hands and mused.

"I cannot understand even yet," he suddenly spoke, looking at Jerome. "If Rupert was the one killed, how was it that he wore the clothes of the lord?"

"It was but the coat," said Jerome. "After he was dead, the lord took off his own and put it upon Rupert. He put the contents of his own pockets about him; he wished it to be thought—it was a sudden impulse, he told me—that he was dead, and that Rupert had escaped; perhaps he thought it would make his own escape easier to accomplish."

"You knew of it, Jerome?"

"I learnt it the same night. I came to the keep, where I knew the one escaped must be, and there I found the lord. I supplied him with food and clothes till the day of the grand funeral, and then, Mr. Leolin, I left the abbey and came to the keep for good. The lord looked on at his own funeral, and when the country was being scoured for Mr. Rupert, he was decaying in the great vaults, and the lord was with me in hiding. Soon after, he made his escape in disguise."

"Then, when Bridget and others professed to see the apparition of the lord, it was the lord himself they saw!"

"It was, sir. I warned him not to stir out of the keep, but he was restless, almost mad, and would steal out in the dark of evening, and stride about the hollow. Several saw him on the night of the funeral. And since his return this time, he has done the same."

"No wonder we took him for a ghost!" exclaimed Leolin; "he is worn to a shadow, and there is a dead, glazed film over his eyes. I never saw it before in a living person."

"Sorrow and grief will change the best of us," cried Jerome: "and what the Lord has suffered these nine years, he alone can tell."

"Especially if remorse be added," said Leolin, in an under tone, "and the lord cannot have been free from that. His own conduct, in the first instance, led to the consequences."

"Sir, blame him not," cried Jerome, lifting his careworn face. "It may be that he could not go aside from it; or she either: there was the prediction hanging over them, and it had to be worked out. Will the lady," he added turning to her, "suffer that room to remain as it is, with all its wicked memories?"

"Surely not," replied the lady of Pommeroy rousing herself from a reverie. "Its associations shall be removed, so far as my aid can do it: the whole wing shall be renovated and embellished, and the nun's picture destroyed. Leolin, I ask you a question again that I asked you years ago: Shall it be peace between us? Surely you will not now refuse."

Leolin Pommeroy put his hand into hers. "It is of no use acting against fate, Sybilla: your child must be the lord now, and no wish or power of mine can hinder it. But this very evening, before I learned the startling fact of Guy's return, I had promised my wife never again to move act or part against the young lord. I shall love the boy yet; I should have loved him before, but that I steeled my heart against him. We shall be happier together than we have hitherto been."

With the gray light of morning, Mrs. Pommeroy in wonderment and dread, was sent for to the keep. They were taking her into the chamber without preparation, but Sybilla, with her woman's heart interfered.

"It is to see him who was once your husband," she whispered: "be prepared for the shock."

Listening as one who hears not and shaking in her bewilderment, she went on. Guy, lord of Pommeroy, lay there, dead now. She started back with a cry of horror, as Leolin had done.

"I told you to be prepared," said the lady. "He is at rest at last. These nine years he has been wandering, a miserable exile, wandering in the body, Mrs. Pommeroy; not in the spirit."

"What tricks are you playing me!" she gasped.

"No trick," struck in Leolin. "The one who was killed in the haunted room, who was buried with all the honors as chief of Pommeroy, was Rupert; not the lord. The lord has but died now. You have been yearning in your heart, Mrs. Pommeroy, for the return of one, who has gone from this world for ever. It was Rupert who expiated his sin on that wretched night."

Mrs. Pommeroy felt as one baited. With a vast effort she rallied her courage and tried defiance. "Then, if the lord has been alive, I have been the real lady of Pommeroy; and you," turning to Sybilla, "a usurper."

For the moment none spoke, but Mrs. Pommeroy quailed from their looks of reproach: even Father Andrew, who had mostly a kind word for all, stood with his arms folded and a stern brow. Leolin broke the silence.

"No," said he, "you have not been the real lady of Pommeroy. You forfeited your claim that fatal night. The lord suffered you to retain his name and abode; but he accorded it, he bade us but now say, for the sake of his child." And Mrs. Pommeroy's face fell to be hidden in her hands, for she could not bear that they should gaze upon its glow of shame.

"Better touch him, madam," put in superstitious old Jerome, compassionately: "it's said that when we touch a corpse we don't dream of it: better just touch him."

Once more, and, in one sense, for the second time, Guy, lord of Pommeroy, was consigned to the vaults of his forefathers, not with the honors of the chief of Pommeroy, but as a younger brother: the ceremonious grandeur had been given to Rupert. But the crowds, assembled to witness it were beyond precedent, for the wonders had been made known, and the people flocked together from far and wide. Following, as chief mourner, in right of his position as head of the house, was the young lord of Pommeroy; and walking close behind him, came Mary, led by her uncle Leolin. Jerome was after them. And the death-flag was waving over the gates of Pommeroy.

[THE END.]

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PATERNAL ADVICE.—The world, my son, is but a large copy-book, and I need not point out to you with what very little wisdom it is ruled.—*Punch.*

☞ He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom is the only true *poet* in its real sense.—*Byron.*

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP AT ALTENAHR.

"So the foeman has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done;
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine
I never shall drink but this one.

"And fetch me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door:
He must take such a leap to-night perforce
As horse never took before.

"I have lived by the saddle for years a score,
And if I must die on tree,
The old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

"I have lived my life, I have fought my fight,
I have drunk my share of wine:
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Lived a merrier life than mine.

"So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest
How the Altenahr hawk can die,
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door,
And he took such a pull at the red Ahr-wine
As never man took before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall:
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
And never a bone in him whole;
But Heaven may yet have more mercy than men
On such a bold rider's soul.

Wit and Humor.

TRACING A PEDIGREE.

Many years ago, there lived in a near State, a young gentleman who took it into his head that, like John Randolph, he was of Indian descent, though unlike John, he did not know exactly to what tribe his forefathers belonged. The idea was a perfect monomania with him, notwithstanding the efforts of his friends to convince him of the folly of his pretensions, to say nothing of the absurdity of them, even if they could be established. The favorite notion could not, however, be eradicated from his mind, and he promised his friends that he would one day convince them that he was right in his claims.

Having heard that a deputation of Indians were at Washington, on a visit to their great father, the President, he promptly repaired to that city, and arranging with the gentleman who had them in charge, his friends in the city were surprised to receive an invitation to accompany him on a visit to the red men, before whom he promised to verify his favorite pretensions. The party met as requested, and found the Indians sitting on the floor, smoking their pipes and manifesting but little appreciation of the honor of the visit.

Having arranged his friend at a respectful distance from the aged chief, who still regarded the visitors with stolid indifference, the young man stepped boldly from the centre, and presuming that it would require some show of energy to arouse the chiefs from the apparent apathy, he placed his hand on his breast and said, with great fearlessness:

"Me—Indian—long time ago."

The chief, who was not skilled in talking English, took his pipe from his mouth, but evinced no emotion whatever. The speaker, then thinking that a more violent motion and a louder tone would be necessary, struck his hand upon his breast with much force, and said in a louder tone:

"Yes—me—Indian—*long* time ago."

Without moving a muscle of his face, the old chief slowly arose from his sitting posture, and turned his eagle eye on the speaker. His friends say that the chief evidently understood, or at least appeared to understand the meaning of the speech addressed to him, and they gazed intently on the solemn proceeding. The young man bore the searching glance of the Indian without emotion. All felt that the "time had come."

Moving sufficiently close to the speaker, the chief raised his hand, and carefully taking a lock of the young man's hair between his finger and thumb, gently rubbed it between them for a moment. All stood breathless. Quietly withdrawing his hand, the chief uttered the slight peculiar Indian grunt, and said "Nig.!" (*Nigger.*)

This altogether unexpected denouement ended the interview, and the discomfited descendant of Tommyhawks retired with his friends, the latter roaring with laughter, and the former filled with a most sovereign contempt for his degenerate Indian relations.

STICKING TO THE PUDDING.—The late Lord Northwick had the infirmity of deafness, so painful to one's self, and so distressing to others. He recommended to the notice of a lady some sweet dish that was near him, when she replied, "Thank you, my lord, I have some pudding." Not apprehending her answer, he again and again, at short intervals, urged her to taste the dish, and received the same inaudible reply when the lady's lout of a country servant considered he ought to explain matters. He therefore approached Lord Northwick's chair, and, putting his mouth close to his lordship's ear, vociferated with all his lungs, "My lord, missus says as she'll stick to the pudding." The effect was electrical, but no one enjoyed the joke better than the deaf lord himself.—*The Season Ticket.*

LITERARY APPRECIATION.—A literary gentleman relates, that after leaving a paper of which he was the editor, and returning on a visit, he wrote a leader for the new editor, and he really thought it good—better than he had written for months. Next day he met an old acquaintance with a paper in his hand. "Ah," said he, "this paper is but a miserable thing now—nothing like what it was when you had it"—and pointing to the article he had written, he continued: "Look, for instance, at that thing! who would read such trashy stuff as that! Why didn't the fool let you write the article!"

THAT HER LETTER TO BURNHAM.—The recent "liquor-extending" business in Massachusetts, brings up again the following amusing letter which Burnham received when in the hen business, from some one he had cheated:

"GEORGE BURNAM—More'n a yeer aggo I sent yu twenty six dollers in a letter for 3 coshin chiner chickns, and yu sed tha was perfeck pure bludds and yu lade yerself lyble to a Sute of prose kushin fer letin such dam stuf go intu yur yard, or out of it either. I bred them orl by themselfs and never had no uther cockrill on my plase. and i so yu cheeted me like the devl, an yu no it 2. The fust lot of chickns I gut was awl *wite* as snoballs, but i didnt as nothin, cause why? wat did I want tu let fokes no ide bin fuled and suckt in by a Corntemtible yanky, for! i sed nothing and kept shaidy, and stuk to it that i gut em to *breed* wite fouls out on—cause i Ment people shudent larf at me, no how! Wel, the nex lot of chickns i got was *black* as thunder! *black*, Geo. Burnham—bred out of yur Patent yaller imported proe-mum stock, that yu an' the lyin noospapers oed was pure bludds. I chocked every wun on em quicker'n *scatt*—wen i found um, and of yude a bin thare thin i guess you Wuddent rased not more'n ten thowsen more fouls to cheet Peeple with after ide gut a holt on yure desaitful gullet. * * * i tell yu wot i think on you. i think if yu shud talk to sum onnest imploiment, sech a drawin a express Waggin or sorrin wood, yude be Considerd a gentle mann Compaired with wat yu now be. everyboddy nose how yu ar cheetin and Gougin and bleadin the publick, an yur nain stinks wuss'n a ole Hen-cupe enny how. i spose tho ef yu *shud* talk to enny kine of onness sort of way to git a livin it ud kill yu dum quick, cos yu aint use to it, and that wud serv yu rite, yu cheeting, lyin omprinsipled nave. * * * go ahed. suc em as long as Yu can. tha wunt fine yu out fer a wile, and yu can maik sum considerable more Monny out of the fiatts, yit. yu thort yude suckt *me*, i spose. well I own up yu *did*. yu gut twenty-six dollers of my monny, an i spose yu chuckled about it, same's yu did Wen yu stuk them rotten aigs onto bill turner. * * * dont you wish ide pade the postige on this letter? Yule git a wus one nex time. In haist. B—— F—— L——.

"*Poss Skrip.*—P. S. i seen in the boston Times yisterday that you 'Lade six aigs on The editurs table, 8 inchis long and 4 inches Round.' This was put in that paper i Spose soso yu cud cell aigs. yu ma pool wull over thair ies but yu dont fule *Me*. I dont bleeve yu ever lade a aig in yur life—yu Hombugg. go to the devl gorge Burnam!"

THE LAST BET.—A curious little anecdote is just now amusing the few people who remain in Paris in the autumn. M. de R. bet the other day that "two months" could swallow eighty-three dozen of green oysters in one hour. He offered himself and the one other "month." The bet was taken and the day fixed. Eighty-three dozen oysters were forthcoming. M. de R. ate one dozen, rang for his servant, and ordered in the other "month." His servant went out, returned, and brought in—a pig. No need to say that the eighty-two remaining dozen were gobbled up in much less than the hour. But now comes the great discussion: and it remains to be seen whether the umpires will decide that the bet is won. The losers say, "We believed two men were to eat the oysters;" and the winner not very improperly replied. "How could you fancy anything save a pig could do so." The answer implies a very well-deserved blame upon all such disgusting transactions as these, but a duel has nearly arisen from it. It was at first sought to represent the hero of the story as an Englishman, but in reality it is M. de R., the wearer of one of the oldest names in France.

MINISTERIAL.—The Rev. Mr. Peters was preaching, and having a large gift of continuance, was somewhat protracted in his discourse. Several of his hearers left in the midst of the sermon. One young man was on his way to the door, when Mr. Peters pointed his long finger at him, and said, "Brethren, that young man has just as good a right to go out as any one." It is needless to say that he was the last deserter. At another time, when Mr. Peters was preaching, a young man started to leave the house, and making some noise as he went, Mr. Peters paused, and said, "I will finish my discourse when that young man gets out." The fellow very coolly took his seat and said, "Then it will be some time before you get through!"

TRYING THE TREADMILL.—A good story is told of Baron P——, who, when once visiting a penal institution, inspected the treadmill with the rest, and being practically disposed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself upon its treads, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, he had had quite enough of it, and called to be released, but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes, that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance, like Signor Riccabocca, in the stocks, except that he was obliged to keep "moving on" until his "term expired."

EXCESSIVE CLEANLINESS.—Even cleanliness can be exaggerated, as in the case of the Pharisees, and the late Duke of Queensberry, who would wash in nothing but milk. Our own Queen uses distilled water only for her toilet; but this is not a case in point, since it is for the sake of health, I believe, with her. A sad case, however, was that of the lovely Princess Alexandrina of Bavaria, who died mad from over-cleanliness. It began by extreme scrupulousness. At dinner she would minutely examine her plate, and if she saw the slightest speck on it, would send for another. She would then turn the napkin round and round to examine every corner, and often rise from table because she thought she was not served properly in this respect. At last it became a monomania, till on plates, napkins, dishes, tablecloth, and everything else, she believed she saw nothing but masses of dirt. It weighed on her mind, poor thing; she could not be clean enough, and it drove her to insanity.—*English Handbook of Etiquette.*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIFTY-TWO.

In the black prison of the Conciergerie the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless, everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him—that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on his life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen; by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here, it clenched the tighter there, and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded, this was closed again. There was a hurry, too, in all his thoughts, a turbulent and heated working of his heart, that contended against resignation. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child, who had to live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But all this was at first. Before long the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly, every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones depended on his quiet fortitude. So by degrees he calmed into the better state, when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation, he had travelled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished was the one condition—fully intelligible now—that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her father's sake, never to seek to know whether he had become oblivious of the existence of the paper, or had it recalled to him (for the moment, or for good,) by the story of the Tower, on that old Sunday under the dear plane-tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastille, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the populace had discovered there, and which had been described to all the world. He besought her—though he added that he knew it was needless—to console her father, by impressing him, through every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had unformerly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow, to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in Heaven, to comfort her father.

To her father himself he wrote in the same strain; but he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. And he told him this, very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous retrospect toward which he foresaw he might be tending.

To Mr. Lorry he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed he thought he had done with this world.

But it beckoned him back in his sleep, and showed itself in shining forms. Free and happy, back in the old house in Soho (though it had nothing in it like the real house), unaccountably released and light of heart, he was with Lucie again, and she told him it was all a dream, and he had never gone away. A pause of forgetfulness, and then he had even suffered, and had come back to her, dead and at peace, and yet there was no difference in him. Another pause of oblivion, and he awoke in the sombre morning, unconscious where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "This is the day of my death!"

Thus had he come through the hours to the day when the fifty-two heads were to fall. And now, while he was composed and hoped that he could meet the end with quiet heroism, a new action began in his waking thoughts, which was very difficult to master.

He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life. How high it was from the ground, how many steps it had, where he would be stood, how he would be touched, whether the touching hands would be dyed red, which way his face would be turned, whether he would be the first, or might be the last; these and many similar questions, in nowise directed by his will, obtruded themselves over and over again countless times. Neither were they connected with fear; he was conscious of no fear. Rather they originated in a strange besetting desire to know what to do when the time came; a desire gigantically disproportionate to the few swift moments to which it referred; a wondering that was more like the wondering of some other spirit within his than his own.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone forever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore he resolved to keep Two before his mind as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said, in a low voice, in English:

"He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features, and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth you least expected to see me!" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not—" the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them.—Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness, and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine—that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength, both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed, I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was, when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one."

Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up at each question.—Carton standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"'If you remember,'" said Carton, dictating, "'the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this

when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.'"

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them?'" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more."

He dictated again:

"'I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so, is no subject for regret or grief.'"

As he said these words, with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapor is that?" he asked.

"Vapor?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

"'If it had been otherwise;'" Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; "'I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;'" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "'I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise—'"

Carton looked at the pen and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but within a minute or so he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called,

"Enter there! Come in!" and the Spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up at him as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast; "is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the Spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death!"

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You!" said the Spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me.—Such a thing has happened here often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling Spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already to go through with this that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the court-yard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away."

The Spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank!"

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evremonde," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children!" said Barsad.

"Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages; no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck Two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evremonde!" and he followed into a large dark room at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing, to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that a young woman, with a slight, girlish form, a sweet, spare face, in which there was no vestige of color, and large, widely-opened, patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evremonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand, "I am a poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer,

"True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it, so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evremonde, but I have done nothing! I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evremonde. Such a poor, weak little creature!"

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"I heard you were released, Citizen Evremonde. I hoped it was true!"

"It was. But I was again taken and condemned."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evremonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

The same shadows that are falling on the prison are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the Barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers."

The papers are handed out and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?"

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately-murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.

"Apparently the Citizen Doctor is not in his right mind? The Revolution-fever will have been too much for him."

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it. Lucie. His daughter. English. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evremonde; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Evremonde has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She, and no other.

"Kiss me, child of Evremonde. Now, thou hast kissed a good Republican; something new in thy family; remember it! Sydney Carton, Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here, in this corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English Advocate is in a swoon?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air. It is represented that he is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the Republic.

"Is that all? It is not a great deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the Republic, and must look out at the little window. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the coach-door, replying to a group of officials. They leisurely walk round the carriage and leisurely mount the box, to look at what little luggage it carries on the roof; the country-people hanging about press nearer to the coach-doors, and greedily stare in; a little child, carried by its mother, has its short arm held out for it, that it may touch the wife of an aristocrat who has gone to the Guillotine.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postillions! A good journey!"

"I salute you, citizen.—And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he clasps his hands, and looks upward. There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveller.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much: it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far we are not pursued."

Houses in twos and threes pass by us, solitary farms, ruinous buildings, dye-works, tanneries, and the like, open country, avenues of leafless trees. The hard uneven pavement is under us, the soft deep mud is on either side. Sometimes we strike into the skirting mud, to avoid the stones that clatter us and shake us, and sometimes we stick in ruts and sloughs there. The agony of our impatience is then so great that, in our wild alarm and hurry, we are for getting out and running—hiding—doing anything but stopping.

Out of the open country, in again among ruinous buildings, solitary farms, dye-works, tanneries, and the like, cottages in twos and threes, avenues of leafless trees. Have these men deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice over? Thank Heaven, no. A village. Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued! Hush; the posting house.

Leisurely our four horses are taken out; leisurely the coach stands in the little street, bereft of horses, and with no likelihood upon it of ever moving again; leisurely the new horses come into visible existence, one by one; leisurely the new postillions follow, sucking and plaiting the lashes of their whips; leisurely the old postillions count their money in their hats, make wrong additions, and arrive at dissatisfied results. All the time, our overfraught hearts are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horses ever foaled.

At length the new postillions are in their saddles, and the old are left behind. We are through the village, up the hill, and down the hill, and on the low watery grounds. Suddenly the postillions exchange speech with animated gesticulation, and the horses are pulled up, almost on their haunches. We are pursued.

"Ho! Within the carriage there! Speak then!"

"What is it?" asks Mr. Lorry, looking out at the window.

"How many did they say?"

"I do not understand you."

"—At the last post. How many to the Guillotine to-day?"

"Fifty-two."

"I said so! A brave number! My fellow-citizen here would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The Guillotine goes handsomely. I love it. Hi forward! Whoop then!"

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly; he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER FROM DR. S. G. HOWE ON THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR.—The Boston Journal contains the following letter from Dr. S. G. Howe, of that city, in regard to his alleged complicity with the Harper's Ferry affair:

BOSTON, Nov. 14, 1859.

Rumor has mingled my name with the events at Harper's Ferry. So long as it rested on such absurdities as letters written *to* me by Col. Forbes, or others, it was too idle for notice. But when complicity is distinctly charged by one of the parties engaged, my friends beseech me to define my position; and I consent the less reluctantly, because I divest myself of what, in time, might be considered an honor, and I want no undeserved ones.

As regards Mr. Cook, to the best of my knowledge and belief I never saw him, never corresponded with him, never even heard of him until since the outbreak at Harper's Ferry. That event was unforeseen and unexpected by me; nor does all my previous knowledge of John Brown enable me to reconcile it with his characteristic prudence, and his reluctance to shed blood or excite servile insurrection. It is still to me a mystery and a marvel.

As to the heroic man who planned and led that forlorn hope, my relations with him in former times were such as no one ought to be afraid or ashamed to avow. If ever my testimony to his high qualities can be of use to him or his, it shall be forthcoming at the proper time and place. But neither this nor any other testimony shall be extorted for unrighteous purposes, if I can help it.

There are, among the statutes of our Union, certain weapons, concealed as are the claws of the cat, in a velvet paw, which are seemingly harmless, but are really deadly instruments by which we of the North may be forced to uphold and defend the barbarous system of human slavery. For instance, a dishonest judge, in the remotest South, or in far-off California, may, upon the affidavit of any white person, that the testimony of any citizen of Massachusetts is wanted in a criminal suit, send a marshal, who may hale such citizen before the judge, and there, among strangers, cause him to recognize for his appearance in court, or be committed to jail.

Upon the stand such expressions of opinion may be drawn from him as will mark him for an Abolitionist, and turn him out of the court-house to the tender mercies of a people once called chivalrous and generous, but among whom the love of fair play seems rapidly dying out.

Such martyrdom might be coveted by some if any high purpose were to be gained by it; but it is especially undesirable when the testimony is not sought with open and righteous, but with false and revengeful purpose.

I am told, by high legal authority, that Massachusetts is so trammelled by the bonds of Union that, as matters now stand, she cannot or dare not protect her citizens against such forcible extradition, and that each one must protect himself as best he may. Upon that hint I shall act, preferring to forego anything rather than the right of free thought and free speech. S. G. HOWE.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—It is stated that Dr. S. G. Howe has gone to Canada. His friends disclaim any connection on his part with the late plot in Virginia.

MORE STEAM FIRE ENGINES IN PHILADELPHIA THAN ANY OTHER CITY.—Philadelphia, it seems, asserts her supremacy in Steam Fire Engines as well as City Railroads.

There are now nineteen steam fire engines in Philadelphia, besides Dr. Jayne's private engine. No city on the continent, nor indeed, in the world, can boast half as many. Cincinnati, where the reform originated, has but six, and New York not more than two or three, if so many.

On the occasion of an alarm of fire in the evening, it is really a fine spectacle to see the passage of these engines through the streets, drawn by spirited horses, running swiftly along the railway tracks, with a red signal lantern in front, the furnace fires glowing brightly below, the smoke and sparks issuing from the smoke pipe, and the brass and iron dazzlingly burnished. This is something different from the frenzied rush of four or five hundred yelling, riotous men and boys and the clangor of bells and the roar of speaking trumpets. The passage of a steam fire engine through the streets makes no more noise than an ordinary vehicle. It is attended by no reckless mob, and does not injure the morals of youth by the excitement of the race to a fire. This is a great gain, as we think every staid, quiet citizen will agree, and it has done much to purge away the evil elements from the fire department.

☞ The greatest Virtue in a Sea-Captain. Wreck-less-ness.—*Saturday Press*

THE ARREST OF A SUSPECTED INSURGENT AT MEMPHIS.

SINGULAR DISCLOSURES.

It has already been mentioned that a Dr. Wm. A. Palmer had been arrested at Memphis, Tenn., on suspicion of being connected with the Harper's Ferry business. *The Memphis Enquirer* says:

It seems that Palmer has been a resident of this vicinity for a number of years past; that he married a lady residing near town, but procured a divorce some months since on account of domestic difficulties, and has since that time boarded at the Bedford House, where he was arrested. Palmer is a man about 40 years of age, very respectable in appearance, five feet eight inches in height, slightly stooping, and hesitates somewhat in his speech.

It appears that some two weeks ago, during the excitement of the Harper's Ferry insurrection, a gentleman seated in a railroad car between Baltimore and Philadelphia, on his way to New York, observed a man on a seat near him closely muffled, appearing to use every possible means to prevent recognition and shield himself from observation. On the arrival of the train at a station, the man hurriedly gathered up and left the car. The attention of the gentleman who had previously noticed his movements was attracted to a number of letters and papers on the floor beneath the seat, which had accidentally been dropped in his haste. He gathered the papers with the view of handing them to the owner, but the cars at that moment starting, he was obliged to return to his seat with the documents in his possession. They proved to be two letters and a small memorandum. This being, as stated, at the time when the whole community was aroused to the movements of the insurrection, the defeat and imprisonment of its leader, and the letter being addressed to John Brown, connected with the suspicious movements of the man in whose possession they had been, excited his curiosity not a little. The idea flashed to his mind he had in his possession something which would throw light on this subject. He accordingly perused the open letter, which greatly confirmed his suspicions. On his arrival in New York he addressed Governor Wise of Virginia, an anonymous letter, inclosing the documents, stating the circumstances connected with his possession of them, and his suspicion. On their receipt, Governor Wise immediately forwarded them to Governor Harris, who thought the matter of sufficient importance to demand an investigation. He accordingly dispatched John C. Burch of Chattanooga, to this city, who arrived sometime last week, and after various inquiries and investigations arrested Palmer as previously stated.

The court-room, during his examination was densely crowded, and a great deal of excitement was manifested. After a thorough examination into all the facts of the case, Palmer was required to enter into bonds of $2,500 for his appearance at the District Court, in default of which he was committed to prison.

One of the letters referred to above is as follows:

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 3, 1859.

To Captain J. Brown, General Commander-in-Chief of Provisional Government of the United States Army.

DEAR CAPTAIN:—I have just completed my tour through the Southern States, and am now on my way to Kentucky. In my last letter to you I mentioned that I should give the States of Tennessee and Arkansas a thorough scouring. I did so, and am satisfied that of all the States of the South, Tennessee and Arkansas are the best fitted to make the first strike in. Those few States have but few whites in favor of slavery, while they contain an immense number of slaves, already ripe and ready at the first intimation to strike a decided blow for their freedom; while the large mass of the whites are against slavery, and will be ready to assist them at a moment's warning. Several of them stated to me that they had gone so far as to prepare arms for their slaves and instruct them in their use, and how to act when the worst comes to the worst. While at Brownsville, Tennessee, I addressed a letter to the school teacher Mr. H—, and he came to Brownsville to see me.

He says there is no avocation in which a man can do so much for our cause as that of school teaching, because all the country around have so much confidence in a school teacher who conducts himself right. He says that the large majority of the colored people in his part of the State are ready to take up arms at a moment's warning, and a large number of whites are ready to join them. He says we must send out more well qualified men to the South as school teachers, and work them in everywhere. He gave me a letter of introduction to your friend Mr. Palmer, who is an extensive farmer near Shelby Depot, on the Brownsville railroad. I did not get out at that depot, for, on inquiring of a passenger in the cars, I learned that Mr. Palmer did not then live on his plantation, on account of a difficulty between himself and wife, and an injunction on his property, and a writ pending a divorce, and that he would be hard to find—so I concluded to go on.

When I arrived at Memphis, I accidently met with Mr. Palmer at the hotel where I stopped. I handed him Mr. H———'s letter After reading it, he cordially shook my hand, and invited me to take a walk with him. We went up to a place on the bank of a river, called the old Navy Yard, and took a seat on some old bags in a secluded place, where he said we could talk freely. He said he had sincerely sympathised with you, Captain, in all your troubles, as he has been a martyr of slaveholders himself. He said he had been working slowly but steadily for our cause for two years, and that he had married a widow who had a number of slaves, for the purpose of establishing himself in the good opinion and confidence of the slaveholders about him; that he had at first intended, at the first good opportunity, to transfer all the slaves he had got in his possession by marrying, to our friends by way of Cincinnati, and that he had a great many more belonging to his neighbors that were ready to go with them; but a difficulty had occurred between himself and wife, and that she had with the secret advice of several slaveholders and scoundrels about his plantation, suddenly ejected him from the place, and without a moment's warning. That he was still sueing her for his rights by marriage; that the Supreme Court had given a decree in his favor; that he would soon be in possession of his slaves again; that when he again got full control of them he would at a favorable moment, arm them and between four and five hundred more, and make a start in the night time from Memphis, and that he had friends in Cincinnati who had promised to have one of the largest and swiftest steamers on the river sent to the tie up and wait for them at the mouth of Hatchie river under the pretence of undergoing repairs. That he had all his arrangements complete, and whenever he said the word, could take from 500 to 1,000 at a trip and land them safely at Cairo, in the swamps of Indiana, where they would at once be free.

I found Mr. P. a very bold schemer, and a man of good address and winning manners, and the very man for our purposes; and as it is known he is a slaveholder himself, no one would for a moment, suspect him of being concerned with our cause. I showed him our Constitution for the Provisional Government, with which he was much pleased, and advised him not to make the stampede of slaves he expected to make, but to keep them at work, secretely preparing each other, and as many others as they could get to join them, for our October strike. He said he would do so, and that he could guarantee 1,000 armed slaves, who would be ready to spring together at a moment's call, and that as soon as operations were commenced with them, other slaves would flock to them by thousands, wherever they went through all parts of the State. He is very severe on a doctor in his neighborhood, who has been appointed by the Courts as receiver of his property, and I am afraid his anger against that man will cause him to be guilty of some rash act, which will expose his plan of operations. I told him he hadn't ought to give too loose reins to his passion, but curb it until the propertime. He says that this Doctor was the adviser of his wife, and had had himself appointed receiver so as to frustrate all his plans, but that he would disappoint him yet; and that, once he had him in his power, he would not spare him one drop of blood in existence. He said that this Doctor had dishonored his marriage bed; but that he did not care for, as he cared nothing for his wife, as she was a Southern fool; that the position her property gave him, and the power to effect his end, was all he asked for; but that the Doctor had interfered with him in other ways, for which he would yet have his heart's blood.

I warned him to be not so blood-thirsty, and in all he did not to spill blood, unless in self-defence or in fighting for freedom. He said, that though born in North Carolina, he had from a child hated slavery, and that, in spending a number of years at the North he had learned to appreciate the philanthropic motives of our friends, and that he had pledged himself to work faithfully to that end ever since. He said he had great influence over most of the slaves in his part of Tennessee, and that he often met them on the roads and by-places and had long talks with them, and that he always found them ripe for the cause. Mr. P. then returned to the hotel with me, and in the evening introduced me to several merchants and others in Memphis, who are with us heart and hand.

From my interview with Mr. Palmer, I judge him to be a shrewd man, and through his position and influence well calculated to become one of our principal leaders in the South. He seems thoroughly to understand the R. R. business. I would scarcely expect to find in a Southern city, situated as Memphis is, in the midst of a cotton-growing country, so large a number of whites ready to aid us, and strike when necessary for our cause.

Mr. Palmer says you must write to him every week and keep him posted as to our plans, and he will act in concert with us in everything you may direct.

I think he is a brave and conscientious man, and you need not fear him. He has, no doubt, been severely abused where he lives, and his wrongs have made him desperate. I have been through a large portion of Arkansas, and have found we have but few friends among the whites in that State, as most of them are blood-thirsty slave-holders; but the slaves are all willing and ready, and so far outnumber the whites, that a bold stroke of one day will overthrow the whole State. I leave Memphis to-morrow, by way of Clarksville, for Mammoth Cave, where I wish to be for a number of days before anything comes off there. William Horner has just arrived from New Orleans, on his way to join you at Harper's Ferry. Nothing could have happened better for me. I guess I must be in a streak of good luck. I feared to write particulars to you by mail for the dangers of interruption. But as William is here, I write you in full, and trust it to his care.

He swears to me that he will deliver it in person, or die trying. He is a good boy, and may be depended upon. Now, I say, be cautious and let us have a strike soon. I cannot come too quick, for I believe, from what I have seen, that the whole South is ready for it. I have to be very careful here, as the people are very suspicious of Northern men. I sometimes register one name and sometimes another, to suit the circumstances, as I travel about. Sometimes I pass for a travelling preacher, and at others as a New Orleans merchant, looking at the crops and talking of speculations in cotton, &c. Southern people are easily gulled. If there will be any failure in the Harper's Ferry strike, let me know in time. You shall hear from me soon. Yours truly,

LAWRENCE THATCHER.

P. S.—Mr. Palmer says you must address your letters to him as follows:—"Dr. W. Russel Palmer, Green Bottom, Shelby Co., Tenn.

Another of the letters referred to, is as follows:—

CHAMBERSBURG, Oct. 20, 1859.

Dear William—As Mr. Martin goes down to Hagerstown this evening, I could not help writing you a line by him. You are so headstrong you will not listen to me. Do, for God's sake—don't go to Harper's Ferry now; you can do nothing if you go; I fear for your life. You can keep the letter for Capt. Brown until all is safe. You cannot give it to him now; you would be suspected and taken up. Come back and wait at Chambersburg until Capt. Cook gets here. I am afraid this business will get us into trouble yet. Last night I never slept a wink. Do come back, for I shall be crazy until you return safe. Now, for once do listen to your loving wife. MARY HOKSER.

The Richmond Dispatch says:—

Palmer was placed in jail on the 8th inst., and was surrendered to a requisition of Gov. Wise, which will bring him to Virginia. He went to Memphis in July last, and has been there ever since.

PALMER ADMITTED TO BAIL.—Dr. W. R. Palmer was yesterday admitted to bail in the sum of $2,500. After the bonds had been signed, and his release obtained, he remarked that he looked upon it as exceedingly singular, that he who was the owner of two or three plantations, and thirty or forty likely negroes, and who was scarcely able to gain a livelihood in his old age without this aid, should be charged with being implicated in such a nefarious transaction.—*Memphis Enquirer, 13th.*

EXCITEMENT IN VIRGINIA—RUMORS OF RESCUE—100 MEN IN ARMS, &c., &c.—There was a good deal of excitement in Virginia last week, originating in a series of conflagrations of barns and outhouses, the authors of which could not be discovered, and in rumors of a rescue of Brown being intended. It was rumored that 250 men, armed with rifles, were encamped near Berrysville, a town near Charlestown, meditating the rescue. Several suspected persons, mostly northern pedlars, were arrested at Culpepper Court House, and it appears to be the intention of the authorities to place in confinement all who cannot give a good account of themselves. A thousand of the military were called out at Richmond and Alexandria, and a large portion of them sent to Charlestown. No enemy has yet been discovered. Col. Davis, at Harper's Ferry, on the night of the 17th, seeing a large fire about three miles off ordered out the military, and sent a despatch to Gov. Wise for two companies of cavalry. The fire turned out to be the burning of a wheat stack. The Government has ordered two thousand pounds of powder, a large number of Minie balls and howitzer shells, from the Washington arsenal to Harper's Ferry.

NO CHANCE FOR JOHN BROWN—WRIT OF ERROR REFUSED.—Richmond, Nov. 19.—The Supreme Court of Appeals to-day refused to award a writ of error in John Brown's case, being of the opinion that the judgment of the Circuit Court is plainly right. The execution will therefore take place, as appointed, on the 2d of December. Judges Allen, Daniel, Marcure, Lee, and Robertson, on the bench.

HARPER'S FERRY, SUNDAY EVENING, Nov. 20.—The recent excitement was caused by the arrival from Bellair, near Wheeling, of a man named Smith Crane, who stated that he had incidentally overheard a conversation between some men who said they had organized a band of 500 men to march and release Brown and the other prisoners at Charlestown. He immediately set out for the Ferry to apprise the inhabitants of the fact. It was also rumored at Charlestown that a fight had occurred in Clarke county between some citizens and a party of strangers, and a detachment was sent to the alleged scene of disturbance. On the receipt of these rumors dispatches were sent by Col. Davis to Gov. Wise for 500 more troops, who have arrived here this evening, the Governor being with them, and the town is again bristling with bayonets, and the citizens considerably excited.

The Governor says that the excitement will give Virginia a military experience, even if the rumors should all prove unfounded, so that they will know how to protect their borders hereafter if an occasion should occur. Gov. Wise, with three companies, has just started for Charlestown. The other companies will remain here till to-morrow.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., Nov. 19.—All is now quiet in this town, but the military forces are augmenting. The barns, stock yards and implements, amounting in value to several thousand dollars, belonging to Messrs. John Burns, Geo. H. Tate, and Mr. Shirley, (all of whom were jurors in the recent trial,) have been burned.

Hon. Alexander Hunter professes to be convinced that an attempt will be made to rescue the prisoners, and a letter from Urbana, Ohio, addressed to Brown, written in cipher, (which has been deciphered,) tells him to keep in good spirits, that his friends are mustering, and will drop along one at a time.

Gov. Wise's despatches from Col. Davis state that a body of armed men are approaching from the direction of Wheeling.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 19.—Rumors are in circulation that a body of armed men are crossing, or have crossed, the river from Ohio, at or near Wheeling.

WHEELING, VA., Nov. 19.—No warlike bodies of men have crossed the river here, nor are there any rumors of their crossing near this place.

The Alexandria (Va.) Sentinel, of this morning, says a man was arrested in that city yesterday, having been recognized as one of Brown's men in the Harper's Ferry riot. He was committed to jail to await further identification.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20.—Governor Wise was waited on at the Washington junction, by several officers of the railroad, with whom he conversed quite freely with regard to the excitement. The Governor was understood to say, in response to the suggestions that the rumors were unfounded, that though he might be regarded as making unnecessary preparations for an enemy that might not appear; yet in so grave a matter, and with the clear and positive evidence in his possession, of the existance of an intention and an organization to attempt a rescue of the State prisoners, he preferred to have fifty times too many men to having one too few, and the best way, in his judgment, to prevent serious trouble was to fully prepare to meet it. He did not credit for a moment that any armed force would boldly march to the scene to undertake a rescue; but he did believe that bad men were planning an attempt, by gathering singly or in pairs, to be in readiness in case success would seem at all possible. He was informed that the property of three of the jurors who condemned Brown had been burned within the past forty-eight hours, which impressed him with the conviction that there were now emissaries or accomplices in the vicinity of Charlestown.

Gov. Wise further declared that while it would gratify him that no effort at a rescue would be made, and that his visit and attendant precautions were entirely unnecessary, yet he believed that it would be useful to Virginia in the end, as showing the alacrity with which her volunteers responded to a public call, and the ease and promptness with which she could concentrate them in force, to sustain her laws, or to repel the violent invasion of her soil.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The regiment from Richmond, accompanied by Governor Wise, arrived here at 7 o'clock this morning, and will leave for Charlestown on a special train at 10 o'clock. On arriving at Charlestown the troops will go into encampment and remain until after the executions.

Nothing has been received confirmatory of the rumor of a body of men having crossed the Ohio river near Wheeling.

AFFAIRS AT BROWNSVILLE—LYING RUMORS—U. S. TROOPS ORDERED THERE—PROPOSED SEIZING OF THE NORTHERN STATES OF MEXICO.—NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 19.—By the arrival of the steamship Arizona, from the Brazos, we have gratifying intelligence from Brownsville. The recent rumors of the destruction of the town by Cortinas all prove to be false.

Capt. Tobin, falsely reported as defeated, had arrived at Brownsville, with eighty rangers, on the 13th inst. Thirty men from the revenue cutter Dodge, and fifty troops from Baton Rouge, left the Brazos on the 16th for Brownsville, which would make a total of 300 troop and volunteers now there.

On the arrival of Capt. Tobin, the chief officer of Cortinas' gang was hung without a trial.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Nothing can as yet be positively ascertained concerning the precise objects of sending large bodies of troops to the Rio Grande, further than the protection of that frontier from the attacks of the forces of Cortinas, to utterly destroy which is the purpose of the Administration. As it was but recently supposed, in official quarters, that the two companies from Fort Clarke and the one from Baton Rouge, would be sufficient to check the movements of that brigand, the augmentation of the troops just ordered, has naturally excited suspicions of other contemplated measures.

Various speculations are indulged in, but the most plausible theory, founded on certain revelations deemed to be reliable, is that Spain, France, and England, meditate prompt action for the satisfaction of claims in which their subjects are interested, and which may involve the national existence of Mexico or the substitution of a monarchy under the protection of these powers. In view of these circumstances and probabilities the United States may feel constrained to occupy the northern part of Mexico, to secure the satisfaction of the claims of our own citizens against that country, as well as for the security of Americans on the frontier. From all that can be ascertained, it is fair to presume that some of the vessels of the Home Squadron will soon proceed to Vera Cruz and other ports of Mexico. Indeed this seems to be certain, so interesting are the reported purposes of France, England, and Spain, now regarded in official quarters.

LATEST FROM CALIFORNIA.—By the overland mail, at St. Louis on the 19th, we have interesting despatches from California to the 28th ult. Judge H. P. Hann, formerly of Kentucky, has been appointed U. S. Senator, in place of Broderick. The Walker river mines in Carson Valley continue to excite a great deal of attention; Californians have already commenced moving in that direction. The principal discovery is called Gold Hill, twenty miles north of Carson Valley. The dust from the quartz taken from it has realized from $500 to $2,500 per ton. A company is about organizing to construct a railroad from San Francisco to Stockton. Col. Lander has completed his work for the season on the Fort Kearney and Honey Lake wagon road expedition, and is about repairing to Washington with an unexpended and probably unlooked-for balance of $75,000 on hand. Business at San Francisco is more active, but prices remain without advance.

☞ Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator. "You can see the very *quiver* of his lips." "Yes," said Peel "and the '*crrah*' coming out of it."

☞ AN IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.—If the gentleman who keeps a shoe shop with a red head, will return the umbrella of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

A CHANCE TO OBTAIN

TWO HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING ALSO AS A PREMIUM TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER!!

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

We also Club with those well-known Monthly Magazines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. Read the following and take your choice of

TERMS.

One Copy of THE POST,	$2,00 a year.
One Copy of THE POST and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	3,00 "
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00 "
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50 "

CLUBS.

2 COPIES of THE POST,	$3,00 a year.
6 " (and one of the Engravings to getter up of Club,)	5,00 "
8 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
15 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	20,00 "
30 " (and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	30,00 "

A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS. It is a Gem!

P. S.—The Postage will be pre-paid on all the Engravings.

Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**

No. **132** *South Third St., Philada.*

☞ *Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis when requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

PRIVATE advices from Boston state that McDonald, who was arrested at Washington on suspicion of being connected with the Harper's Ferry conspirators, is well known there, and is undoubtedly insane. He is still detained in Washington, though nothing has yet transpired to establish his guilt.

LOUIS NAPOLEON had an older brother, who died at Forli, Italy, in 1831. Both the young Bonapartes were then fighting for the independence of Italy *in the revolted provinces of the Papacy*. Prince Napoleon, the elder, died in one of the conflicts which then took place; and his mother, Queen Hortense, fled with Louis Napoleon, the younger, and present Emperor, to Paris, where she was most kindly received by Louis Philippe, as related by M. Guizot, in the second volume of his Memoirs.

ON Tuesday, October 18, the marriage was celebrated at St. Michael's Church, Highgate, London, of Alaric Alfred Watts to Anna Mary Howitt, elder daughter of William and Mary Howitt.

IT is stated that the superior healthfulness of Philadelphia over New York city, gives the former in the relative increase of births over deaths, an advantage of an average gain of 10,000 in the population per annum.

THE TURF.—A man in Kalamazoo is training an elk to trot on the race course. The elk has already trotted against a horse for a purse of seven hundred dollars, winning the prize by a long distance.

NEWS ITEMS.

DEATH OF MR. FRANK LEWIS.—One of Philadelphia's most estimable citizens, Mr. Frank Lewis, son of the late Mordecai Lewis, and who was to have been married this day to a daughter of Commodore Stockton, died after an illness of few days, in that city, on Monday last. The invitations had been issued, and preparations had all been made for the wedding ceremony, when he was suddenly taken away.—*N. Y. Post.*

A PORK CASE IN COURT.—A pork dealer in New York has got a verdict against a hog merchant in Ohio, for selling him a lot of hogs, part of which were ascertained, on killing, to be "soft hogs," which had been fed with beech nuts, in the woods, instead of being hard or corn fed hogs, as represented by the seller.

PROGRESS IN JERUSALEM.—Jerusalem has been making rapid strides of late towards a new born civilization, and its progress has been watched with interest, the most intense, on the part of those who associate with the name of the holy city ideas of the millenium, and the speedy return of the Jews. Large buildings, convents, hospitals and churches are rising in every direction, and thousands of Russian employes and Jews are becoming residents of the place.

LIBRARIES FAVORED IN MASSACHUSETTS.—In the Massachusetts Senate an amendment to the attachment law has been adopted, exempting the library of a debtor to the value of $300 from attachment. The present amount is $50.

THE expenditure of the Zurich Plenipotentiaries and their suites, at the hotel where they lodged, is said to have amounted to above $20,000.

IT is said that Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt contemplates returning to the practice of her profession as a public singer.

GOLD IN VERMONT.—Very glittering reports, says the Springfield Republican, are coming down from the Vermont gold diggings, respecting the luck of our townsmen, Hankerson, Beals and Graves. The former is said to have taken from his claim between $15,000 and $20,000 within twelve months past, and now he has purchased the mill pond, just above his old claim, and proposes next year to excavate in the bottom of that. The two latter are said to have paid $225 for the claim, and to have realized in three months the past summer about $1,700 by working it.

A SAD CASE.—A handsome and respectably dressed woman, the wife of an eminent physician, was lately arrested and brought into court, in New York city, in a state of beastly intoxication. While in charge of the officers of the court she took a fit of *delirium tremens*, and the scene is described as agonizing beyond description. But a short time since she was highly respected as an exemplary wife and mother, and had everything about her to make her life happy; but in an evil hour she yielded to the vice of intemperance, and since then has gone down, step by step, in her sad career. Her husband tried every means in his power to reclaim her, but without avail, and, as a final resort, was obliged to have her arrested and sent to the penitentiary.

BULWER is the author of the story entitled "The Haunted and the Haunters: or, The House and the Brain."

THE AMPUTATED HEAD.—John Ward, of Palmyra, Me., the father of "the child with two heads," one of which was amputated, writes to the Portland Argus that on the 3d inst., thirteen days after the operation, the child was living, but not fully recovered. H. B. Conner, Postmaster of East Pittsfield, indorses the statement in regard to the child. It is a very singular case.

THE LATE MR. CHOATE was sensitive when allusions were made to his handwriting. Some one went into his office and found him reading the Post, which he laid down with the remark that he wished people would not concern themselves about his handwriting. The writer looked at the paper and found a paragraph stating the prevalence of a rumor that Mr. Choate was about to quit his profession and establish himself in Canton, having been offered a large salary by a merchant who designed to employ him in lettering tea chests.

THE SENATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, on Tuesday, had under discussion an amendment providing for the admission of infidels to give evidence in courts of justice. The amendment was finally adopted by the casting vote of the President.

THE NORTH STAR is safe. She got ashore on the French Keys, about the 25th of October, and remained there six or seven days. These Keys are situated off the north coast of Cuba, in latitude 22½, longitude two degrees west from Washington. She proceeded on her voyage to Aspinwall on the 2d instant.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 18-6		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	100½	101
" " new	104½	—
" 5 "	96	—
Penna 5 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	35
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	70
" County	—	—
R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	93½
Penn 5 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	79	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	83½	—
Ohio " 1856	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	93½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	81½	82
N Y City, 5 pr ct	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	137	138
Philadelphia	115½	116
Far & Mec	56½	56½
Commercial	48½	49
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	26	26½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	33½	—
Kensington	64	65
Girard	46	47½
Western	—	68
Man & Mec	25½	26
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	23½	—
City	43	46
Consolidation	—	25
Commonwealth	—	34½
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	48
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	54	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	122	—
Louisville "	115	116
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	103	104
Planters "	109	114
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	9	70
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	½
New Granada	—	—
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Libertied Gas	31	—
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	84	86
	89	90

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	100	102½
2nd "	87	87½
stock	27½	27½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	128	128½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	77	78
mort 6's '44	—	90
'88	63½	—
stock	19½	19½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86½	87
stock	—	39½
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	36½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	65
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	49	50
2nd "	7½	8
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	2	4
Beaver Meadow stock	58	—
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	9½
6 pr ct loan	51½	52
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	48	49
5 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	56	—
Har & Lan R R stock	56½	90
bonds '69	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	16
Long Island R R stock	104	105
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48
Illinois "	84	—
Michigan Southern	7½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	68	70
imp. 6 pr ct stock	7½	7½
preferred	15½	15
Lehigh Nav stock	50½	50½
mort 6 pr ct	99	—
scrip	26	27
Morris Consol'd	48½	49
preferred	105	106½
Ches & Del bonds	40	—
	77½	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
bonds, 1878	25	—

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2300 head. For prime and ordinary the prices ranged from 7 to 9c ℔ lb, and for stock cattle 3 to 4c. Sheep—5000 arrived, and sold at from 6 to 6c ℔ lb. Cows—80 head were at market, and selling at from $25 to 50.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 3637 head were at market, and sold at $5½ to 7 ℔ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NOV. 19.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy, 9000 bbls sold at $4,85@4,90 for State. Wheat heavy; sales of 3000 bus at $1,50 for white and $1,49 for choice red. Corn dull and declining. Pork firm at $15,12½ for Mess, and $10,75 for Prime. Lard dull at 10½@10¾c. Whiskey dull, at 28@28½c.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market generally has been dull, but without any material variation to note in price or demand since the close of last week, and of Flour some 3000 bbls have been disposed of in lots, mostly for shipment, at $5,12½@5,25 for superfine, the latter for good straight brands; $5,50@5,62½ for extra, and $6@6,50 for extra family and fancy lots, as to quality; the receipts are on the increase, and the market is dull, but firm, at the above rates; some holders having withdrawn their stocks for the present. The trade have been buying to a moderate extent within the same range of prices for superfine, extra and fancy brands. Rye Flour continues very scarce, with further small receipts, and sales at $4,25. Corn Meal is in light stock, but there is no demand for it at $3,87½, which is the uniform asking rate for Penna Meal, and a small sale was made on terms kept private.

GRAIN—There has been only a moderate milling demand for wheat during the past week, but prices, owing to the limited character of the receipts both by railroad and water, have improved 2@3c ℔ bus. The week's sales comprise about 25,000 bus, in lots, at 125@130c for fair to good and prime reds, and 135 to 145c for white, the latter for choice Southern, which is very scarce. Rye is coming in slowly. Pennsylvania brings 90@91c, and Southern 86@87c. Corn has been in good request, but the prices of old, at the close, are somewhat unsettled. Sales reach about 35,000 bus, mostly new yellow, at from 65 to 75c, as to condition, chiefly at 70@72c, including some old and new mixed at 80c, and old yellow at 90@92c, in store and afloat. Oats have been dull, and only about 18,000 bus found buyers, at 41@42c for Southern and 43@44 for Pennsylvania. Of Barley the sales have been limited, and prices firm. A sale of prime Barley Malt was made at 95c, cash. Some lots, on time, are reported at higher figures.

PROVISIONS—The market is pretty much at a stand still, and prices are nominally unchanged, with but little stock in the hands of the dealers to operate in. Mess Pork is selling in a retail way only at $15½@16 ℔ bbl; a sale of Prime Mess was made by a packer, to go out of the market, at the latter figure, and 1000 tierces India Beef at $25 ℔ tierce; city mess is steady at $15 ℔ bbl. Of Bacon and Green Meats the sales are also limited and prices are nearly nominal; some further small sales of the latter have been made at 7½@8c ℔ lb for shoulders, and 8½@9c for sides, in salt. Lard is firmer, and selling at 10¾@11c for bbls and tcs; kegs are held at 12c. Butter is dull; roll moves off as wanted at 15@17c, and packed at 11@12c. Cheese, no change, and prices range at 10½@11½c. Eggs are worth 19@20c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The advices from the South have had a tendency to strengthen the market, but the high views of holders limits operations, and only about 1000 bales found buyers, mostly at 11½@12c for Uplands, cash and time, including Gulfs, in small lots, at 12@12½c ℔ lb.

BARK—Quercitron is steady with further small receipts and sales at $28 for 1st No 1. No change in Tanners' Bark, and but little doing.

BEESWAX—About 1200 lbs good yellow have been sold at 34c ℔ lb, and the market is unchanged.

COAL continues scarce and firm at the advance; orders come in slowly, and the market is rather inactive, but without any change to note in the price of Anthracite. Bituminous Coal is quiet.

COFFEE is arriving more freely, and holders are firm in their views, but buyers come forward slowly, and only about 4000 bags Rio have been disposed of in lots at from 11 to 12½c, as to quality. About 600 bags Laguayra also sold at 11@12¾c, all on time; about 450 bags of the former sold by auction at 11½@12¼c, usual credit.

COPPER—There is little or nothing doing in Sheathing to alter quotations; of Yellow Metal the sales are moderate at 20c ℔ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are selling in lots, as wanted, at 48@50c ℔ lb, but the market is rather dull.

FRUIT—The receipts and sales are moderate at $13@16 for Cranberries; $2@4 ℔ bbl for green Apples; 5½@6c ℔ lb for dried do, and 7@15c for Peaches, the latter for pared.

HEMP is but little inquired for, and there is little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES continue dull; buyers are holding off, and we hear of no sales this week.

HOPS are moving off as wanted at 14@18c, as to quality, for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market generally is dull, but without any changes to note, and only some 500 tons Anthracite Pig Metal have been disposed of in lots at $23½ for No 1, and $22½ for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is firm and generally held above the views of buyers, and we quote it at $24 ℔ ton. Of Blooms a sale is reported at $65, 6 mos. Bars and Rails continue steady, with a moderate business doing.

LEAD is firmer and the stock on sale is light. About 500 pigs Spanish have been disposed of in lots at $5,85, and some Virginia at $5,75 ℔ 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—Good stock finds ready sale at quotations, but other kinds meet with a limited demand, and prices are somewhat unsettled, with a fair business to note for the season.

LUMBER—The market generally is dull, and a small business is doing in White and Yellow Pine Boards within the range of quotations. Of Laths a cargo of St John sold at $1,90 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—The market remains inactive, and the stock light, with sales of 400 hhds Cuba at from 22 to 28c, the latter for Muscovado, on the usual terms.

PLASTER—There is but little offering or selling, and in the absence of sales, we quote soft at $2,62½@2,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is not so much clover seed offering, and the market at the close is rather better, and prime seed scarce: sales includes about 3,500 bushels, in lots, at $5@5 25 mostly at $5 12½ ℔ bushel for good seed: sales to some extent have also been made from second hand at $5,44@5 50 ℔ bushel. Timothy is selling at $2,50, and Flax seed at 1,55@1,56 ℔ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandies are held with more firmness, but the demand is limited and prices on the advance. Gins are unchanged. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is rather firmer at the close, and the demand a little more active, bbls selling at 26½@27c for Pennsylvania, 27½ for Ohio, and 24½@25c for drudge; hhds are scarce and selling at 26@26½.

SUGARS—The market is firm, the high views of holders having a tendency to limit operations to some 4@500 hhds, mostly Cuba, taken by the trade, at from 6¾ to 7¼c on time.

TALLOW is steady at 10½@11c ℔ lb for city rendered, and not much doing.

TOBACCO—The sales of both leaf and manufactured have been in a small way, without change in quotations.

WOOL—The market is firm but very inactive, and the sales mostly in a small way at from 40 up to 45c for common to full blood and fine fleece, including some East India at 15@18c at Smyrna at 25@28c ℔ lb, net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Nov. 19, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	ALABAMA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.	MISSISSIPPI.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
MARYLAND.	LOUISIANA.
Baltimore ¼ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	OHIO.
NEW YORK.	Solv bks ¾ dis
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.
MAINE.	Solv bks ¾ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	INDIANA.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	State bank ¾ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	ILLINOIS.
VERMONT.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MISSOURI.
CONNECTICUT.	Solv bks ¾ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TENNESSEE.
MASSACHUSETTS.	Old bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MICHIGAN.
RHODE ISLAND.	Solv bks 2 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	WISCONSIN.
VIRGINIA.	Solv bks 2 dis
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis	TEXAS.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	CANADA.
NORTH CAROLINA.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis	
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Attleboro, Pa. on the 14th of Nov. by the Rev. B. Wood, Mr. JOSEPH L. POWELL, to Mrs. SARAH JANE DEACON, both of Burlington City, N. J.

On Tuesday morning, Oct. 25th, by the Rev. Rt. Bishop Lee, of Delaware, ALBIN K. ROBINSON, to Miss CATHARINE R. CULBRETH, of Wilmington.

On Tuesday evening, the 15th instant, by the Rev. T. T. Titus, Mr. ABRAM SCHOCH, of Lancaster county, Pa. to Miss MARY H. eldest daughter of Capt. Jacob Stadelman, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, Pa.

On Wednesday morning, Nov. 16th, at Grace Church, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, WILLIAM EAGER, to MARY A. daughter of Francis Hoskins, both of this city. Richmond, Va. papers please copy.

On the 15th instant, at St. Peter's Church, by the Rt. Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D. D., J. DOUGLASS BROWN, to ANNA SOPHIA, daughter of the late W. West, Jr.

On the 4th of June, at the residence of the Mayor, JOHN P. WOODWARD, to Miss S. L. GASKILL, both of (Germantown) this city.

In Bangor, Maine, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shepard, Mr. P. J. HASSARD, of this city, and Miss ELIZA W. BRUCE, of Bangor.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. JOSEPH S. DOWNIE, to Miss ANNA R. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. DAVIS B. RICHARDS, to Miss JEANNETTE THOMPSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 15th instant, ISAAC ELLIOTT, in his 65th year.

On the 15th instant, MARTIN CUBBEN.

On Saturday evening, November 12th, Mrs. REBECCA MORTON, relict of the late Benj. Morton.

Suddenly, at Pittsburg, Pa. on the 12th instant, FRANKLIN H. GILBERT, in his 22d year.

On the 14th instant, FRANCIS S. LEWIS, son of the late Saml. S. Lewis, in his 33d year.

Saturday night, 12th instant, JESSIE, youngest child of Thos. H. and Anna Stockton, in her 14th year.

On Saturday, 12th instant, MARY, wife of Lieut. Bayse N. Westcott, United States Navy, in her 33d year.

On the 9th instant, MARY P. wife of W. F. Clark, of Mercer, Pa., and daughter of the late Jos. Pryor, of this city.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH SMITH, aged 81 years.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM HUDSON, aged 42 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. EMELINE, wife of Chas. Gamble, aged 42 years.

OBITUARY.

On the 9th instant, VIRGINIA, only daughter of Henry and Caroline Lee, aged 8 years and 3 months.

This sweet, engaging child, graceful and womanly far beyond her years—was, by a few hours' illness, removed from the home and hearth whose light and warmth she was;—from youthful friends, who ever hailed with joy the appearance of their gentle playmate. But tears are not for her; she passed away ere care or grief had clouded her brow, or darkened her glowing cheek. Let her parent's comfort be, that she is far more safely kept for them through every chance and change, than in their care she would have been.

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away.
Her prospects wither, and her hopes grow dark.
Translated by her God with spirit shriven
She passed as 'twere on smiles from earth to heaven.
Weep not for her!

J. F. MESSER.

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Agricultural.

PARCHED CORN AND HONEY FOR HOGS.

A correspondent of the "Highland Democrat," published at Peekskill, New York, furnishes that paper with the following communication:

A few years ago I chanced in Albany to meet a farmer who is noted for raising unusually heavy hogs. The year before he had brought to market one weighing over 700 pounds, and said that year he should have one of 900, or near that mark. As there always seems to be a cause for every effect, I was anxious to know the course he pursued.

"Well," said he, "you must first select the right kind of a critter. Get the right breed, and then pick out the good natured ones from the litter; I can't afford to feed a cross critter; I sell them when they are pigs."

"How can you judge?" said I.

"Well, if you watch them when they are feeding you will find that some pigs are allers fighting about their victuals, and some go in for eating. There is as much difference in pigs as there is in folks."

"Well, when you have selected the right kind of a pig, what next is important?"

"Well, then, you must have a nice place for the critters to live in, and feed them the right kind of victuals."

"What kind of food?"

"Well, the best and cheapest kind of food I have found, when it comes time to put on the fat, is *parched corn*. I generally manage to buy a barrel or two of Southern honey, if it is cheap enough, as it is sometimes. When it is not over four cents, and pork is six, it pays first rate, and sometimes you can get it for two; it costs me about three cents on an average, or it won't do to risk it. About a half a pound a day is enough; it must not cloy their stomachs, but a little of it with their corn or meal will make the critter gain more extra than the weight of the feed."

"Are these things all?"

"Well, yes, pick out the right kind of a critter, keep it in a good place, give it a plenty of the right kind of victuals, and have a good humored hand to take care on't, and it is just as easy to raise 600 weight hogs as it is to have little scaly runts that won't weigh two, and it won't cost no more, and I don't believe 'twill as much."

Now there is much sound philosophy in that man's experience. I remember when riding in Northampton county, Pa., with a Yankee acquaintance, he remarked,

"That it was singular the farmers of that vicinity did not keep a better breed of hogs."

"Why that remark?" said I.

"See those hogs over there fighting," said he; "such dispositioned hogs can never be fattened on any quantity of corn."

That parching corn is the most economical way of preparing it, many experiments testify. The application of moderate heat for some time, has the effect to change a part of the starch into a sweetish substance, called dextrine, which is more easily digested into fat than starch; that is, part of the making of fat is accomplished by the agency of heat.

When parching is done in a proper way, and upon a large scale, it is a cheap way of cooking corn. Let any man who is inclined, try the experiment this fall upon two pigs as nearly alike as possible; feed each the same quantity of corn, in one case parched, in the other not, and observe the result at the end of a week, or better at the end of a fortnight.

The more slowly the corn is parched, the better. It is not necessary to have it "pop." Perhaps the word roasted would be better; but in this case it is to be understood that the corn is not to be blackened, burnt, or even browned but slightly.

As respects the importance of having a good natured attendant, I have been convinced for many years, (see Lambert's Physiology,) for I have never met an exception to the rule, that he who produces fat cattle, horses, hogs, or any creature, is always good natured, toward *them* at least. It is a psychological fact of not a little interest. The first two or three hundred pounds of a hog can be produced from corn alone, but to produce pork above that weight, good nature must be added to the corn, and the per centage of good nature rises rapidly as the weight increases.

POINTS OF COWS.

A. L. Fish, a well-known dairyman of Herkimer Co., N. Y., gives in the Little Falls Record, some good remarks on the points of cows. He very properly considers strength of constitution and capacity to eat what is offered her at all seasons of the year, as of the first importance. He rightly observes, also, that the indications of such a constitution are a thick, mellow skin, with soft hair, a bright, full eye, broad loin and hips, deep body, and straight back. "Cheese dairymen [and city milkmen] usually select cows that yield the largest amount of milk, because they depend more upon the quantity of cheese than its quality, and milk is known to make a good yield of cheese that would make but little butter, and poor at that. But I am not in favor of the rule of selecting cows that yield the most milk per day or season, in arriving at a proper standard of excellence for the best. * * * The quality of milk a cow will give, is indicated by hair and skin, and a yellow color of the skin inside of the ears and other parts not thickly covered with hair. I have never known a cow, with soft, fur-like hair, and mellow skin, appearing yellow and gummy at the roots of the hair when parted with the hands, that was not a good butter cow, and when fattened, would mix tallow well with flesh. Having been accustomed to fatten my cows that failed for dairy purposes, by age or otherwise, for many years, and being on the lookout for causes of known results, I have observed that those known to give good milk, made most thrift in tallow when fed to fatten. Hence, the conclusion, that cows that handle well in what the butchers call tallow joints, may be judged to give rich milk, the quantity to be judged by a plainly marked design of nature in her physical structure. Instead of heavy head, horns, neck, and shoulders, and comparatively light hind quarters, which is characteristic of the opposite sex, she should show an opposite design, by a feminine countenance, light head, neck, and shoulders, widening backward from her chest to the loin and hind-quarters, where the most strength is required."

PRESERVING CABBAGES.

There is nothing that appears more remarkable to an Englishman on his first arrival in this country, than the full supply, in every market and throughout the longest winter, of the finest cabbages of the last year's growth—the Savoys, fresh and green and crisp as if just cut in the garden, and the Drumheads, white as a cauliflower, with not a decayed leaf, and large as a water-pail, bringing readily the price of sixteen or eighteen cents each! There are many ways of preserving them through the winter, but judging from present appearances, the modern mode is far preferable to that formerly practised, by which a winter supply and sale of this very important esculent has been established, second only in importance to that of the summer, for I saw on the fourth day of April, as good a supply of fresh green and white cabbages in Boston market as I can desire to see, any day in the year.

I have witnessed in Maryland, a very neat and no doubt effectual mode of preservation, costing neither expense or labor, both these having been incurred in the usual mode of preserving the corn-fodder. It was done thus:—A long trench was dug, sufficiently wide to receive four cabbages placed close together, with all their roots preserved and placed downwards, and filled in and around with well pulverized soil; and over this trench a ridge-pole was erected, with strengthening cross-poles at the sides and near the bottom, forming thus the figure A; and against this framing the corn-stalks, ten or twelve feet in length, were set endwise, the butts resting on the bank on each side formed by the earth thrown out while digging the trench. The corn-stalks were placed on each side to the thickness of perhaps two feet, each open end of the enclosure being closed by a temporary door, made of corn-stalks lathed on each side, and which doors were opened occasionally, and sometimes left open for the purpose of ventilation, and not permanently closed until the severity of the weather required the protection afforded by them; the length of the row of corn-stalks being reduced by feeding out to stock, in about the proportion that the row of cabbages was diminished in length, by the requirements of a large household.

This erection I saw at the commencement of the winter, and had no reason to doubt that it would prove satisfactory, and I was assured that it did; but may I venture to add, I did not observe that this very neat, tidy and saving plan had been adopted by any of the neighbors, who seemed to care about as little for the comforts of the household members, as for their poor, unsheltered live-stock, whose pitiable plight in a storm reminded one of the wretch that is said to have ordered his man to "stick up the iron bar, that his cow might take shelter in a hail-storm, under the lee of it!" So it is not expected that this man was ever guilty of planting cabbages in sufficient quantity for winter use, if for the summer service of his family; indeed, it is unaccountable, how small a number are generally planted, even on farms of considerable size.

At the time of the first snow the past winter, I still had many fine cabbages remaining in my garden, which I very effectually preserved for winter and even spring use, by merely tying a string about each stalk, with the roots perfect, and hanging them on nails around a dry cellar, and I do not know that one of them spoilt; their outer leaves decayed and stuck close around them, which only seemed to tend to their more perfect preservation, the hearts remaining sound, healthy in color and sweet, many of the stalks having thrown out shoots from their sides to the length of a couple of inches. Placing cabbages with their roots upward on poles lying on the ground, and without shelter from snow or frost, has been practiced, as also, covering them with straw in a dry building, barn or shed; while some have the appearance of having been buried in dry mould, &c. Now, which of these is the best for their protection, in the first place through the winter, and affording the readiest mode of preserving them for the market, I should be glad to know; and would some practitioner of the art be pleased to communicate the information through the columns of the Cultivator?—*Boston Cultivator.*

PASTURE LANDS.—Of all the land composing a farm, says the *Maine Farmer*, the pasture needs manure the most, for it is from that the stock must draw their principal support. If dry and sandy, spread on muck and leech ashes and old, half rotten straw, late in the fall. The snow will prevent its evaporating and the winter rains will wash it into the earth. Carry out all the manure that has been made during the summer and fall, and spread it so that it will become incorporated with the surface earth during the winter. Apply bone dust, and all other substance that can form bone earth. If the pastures have been exhausted by wool-growing, renovate with plaster, thus restoring the sulphur which had been drawn from the earth; for in every one hundred pounds of wool there are five pounds of sulphur. But on no account allow it to be said that any part of your farm is "an old and worn out pasture." That is equivalent to acknowledging that you are a lazy, shiftless fellow, incapable of appreciating the blessings of heaven—and dishonest in refusing to pay the rent required by God for the use of his land.

OPEN VS. COVERED DRAINS.—Mr. Mechi thus explains the reason why covered drains are so much more effectual than open ones: "A deep open ditch will not drain the adjoining soil, because when the sides are dry the water rises up towards the surface by capillary attraction, and thus heads back the water behind it. Put pipes into the bottom of this ditch, fill it up, and it will then drain the adjoining soil.

TWO OF THEM.

HUMAN.—"Hah! You'd be a nice customer to meet on the loose, anywheres arter dark, you would!"

WINTERING FARM STOCK: HORSES.

The care of his domestic animals is among the first in importance and continuity of the winter labors of the farmer. He must be "on hand," early and late, in the stable and stock-yard—horses, sheep, swine and poultry look to him for food and protection. A considerable portion of the warmer season is employed in preparing their winter sustenance—in cultivating and harvesting a supply of food against the inclemency of winter. The one is a season of ingathering; the other, of scattering abroad;—youthful Summer hoards that aged Winter may consume, and it is thus in all the varied concerns of life, if wisely ordered. The latter season is now upon the farmer—the supply gathered with so much care and labor, must now be given out to his dependants, from day to day, and from hour to hour, as their necessities require. A wise economy in the care of stock is of the first importance, for the thrift of the animal and its consequent profits are best studied when its comfort is cared for by a just attention to every want, in a timely, liberal, and yet not wasteful manner.

We propose to offer hints bearing on this subject—timely hints—reminders of the neglectful—instructors of the ignorant, (but how few there are who do not *know* far better than they *do* for their stock,) and shall commence with that usually first brought to the barn—the horse.

The horse is one of the most valuable servants of the farmer. His health and comfort, and consequent ability to labor, are worthy of particular attention. Good stables, warm, but light and well ventilated, go far to promote this end. Proper care and cleanliness, and regularity in feeding, are also necessary. Hay and oats are the best and most readily available food of the horse, and are mainly depended upon for this purpose. Other grains and fodder, also roots and fruit, may sometimes be employed to advantage. Straw, cut or chopped, and meal of rye, corn or barley, or a mixture of these, wet and mixed with the straw, are frequently used with fair results. They furnish a cheaper food for horses when hay is very costly, in proportion to grains, as is sometimes the case. Carrots are the best roots for horse feed, and are thought to be of great service in promoting the health and keeping up the appetite. Potatoes and turnips are sometimes used, but they should first be cooked, and then tend to fatten rather than to strengthen a horse. Apples are readily eaten, and those who have given them to their horses speak favorably of their effects.

As a steady food for the horse, hay and oats are the best, unless particular care with other foods is given to their feeding and management by one skilled in the business. To those who employ hay and oats, we would commend an occasional change from oats to carrots, apples, etc., as such will be relished by the animal, and promote his health and power to labor. Instead of grain twice or three times a day, give one feeding of them, and try sometimes a feed of cut hay or straw and meals, for animals like to change from one kind of food to another as well as human beings.

Regularity in the hours of labor, of feeding and rest, are always desirable. Plenty of pure water should be supplied at least twice a day, and it would be of service to the horse could it be brought to a lower temperature than merely below the freezing point. When brought in from work, warm from exertion, the horse should be rubbed down and then blanketed; but we would not blanket a horse in a good stable, as a general rule, except in extremely cold weather. When standing out of doors while in harness, horses should be blanketed, and given a place sheltered from the wind, if possible; many horses are ruined from negligence in this respect.

In the care of horses, a few farther points may be hinted upon. A sharp-toothed curry comb is the dread of a fine-skinned horse, and the brush and straw wisp will answer the same purpose much better, if used as frequently as they should be. Mud should never be suffered to dry upon the legs of a horse; it is the cause of half the swelled legs, scratches, and other affections of the feet, with which they are afflicted. Want of air, light and cleanliness; poor hay and insufficient or indigestible food, are all fruitful sources of disease—and a proper attention to these points will be of far greater service in restoring and keeping up health and vigor, than the thousand and one medical nostrums so often relied upon. Proportion the food in amount and character, to the nature of the service required, and your team will not fail you, but will keep in uniform order, and be ready in the spring for the steady work then called for, and so important to the prosperity of the farmer.

These hints are intended to apply mainly to working horses—to those kept upon the farm for the ordinary purposes of the same. Colts and horses not in use, will not require the same amount of care, but their comfort and thrift should receive careful attention, as their future value depends largely upon the foundation now laid.—*Country Gentleman.*

MANURING A FARM BY STOCK FEEDING.—Mr. Mechi says, in the *Mark Lane Expres*, that "making meat was the cheapest way of obtaining manure," and quotes some authority on the subject. In concluding his letter he remarks:

"Nothing pays me better than giving my sheep one pound of rapecake per day; as they get fat, they will eat nearly one and a half pound per day. Rapecake costs £6 per ton; as manure it is worth £3 3s. per ton, and we believe that seven pounds of rapecake will make one pound of mutton. Fattening hogs entails a loss of about ten per cent as an average, but still it is much cheaper than guano; fifty-six pounds of barley meal is generally sufficient to produce eight pounds of pork. Fattening bullocks, on the principle laid down by Mr. Horsefall is also a cheap way of obtaining manure. When you have made your manure, take care not to waste an ounce of it. This has been my custom for the last fifteen years, and as a consequence my farm teems with fertility. The slops and all the excreta, from the house should all go on the farm. Guano pays very well on a distant field, or when you are too busy to cart manure; it is also a good addition to the farm manure for a greedy root crop."

PACKING APPLES IN PLASTER.—I tried last fall, an experiment with great success—not new, but I think not commonly known—of putting down apples in plaster of Paris. Put an inch of plaster into the barrel—take the apples fresh from the tree—set them on the plaster so that they will not touch each other or the barrel, then sift on more plaster between and on them, deep enough to form a new layer, and so on till the barrel is full. I found them on opening the first of May, as fresh and sound and firm as when packed from the trees.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE POTATO DISEASE.—Of the potato disease, Dr. Lang, in a prize essay recently published by the British Agricultural Society, says it "is of fungoid nature, increased in virulency by atmospheric causes." The same writer says that all manures are injurious except lime and salt; that the earliest potatoes in ripening should be exclusively raised, and that earthing up repeatedly with fine earth is the only effectual preventive to the ravages of the disease.—*Connecticut Homestead.*

THE STOMACH AND THE MIND.—Much of our conduct depends, no doubt, upon the character of the food we eat. Perhaps, indeed, the nature of our meals governs the nature of our impulses more than we are inclined to admit, because none of us relish well the abandonment of our idea of free agency. Bonaparte used to attribute the loss of one of his battles to a poor dinner, which, at the time, disturbed his digestion; how many of our misjudgments—how many of our deliberate errors—how many of our unkindnesses, our cruelties, our acts of thoughtlessness and recklessness, may be actually owing to a cause of the same character? We eat something that deranges the condition of the system. Through the stomachic nerve that derangement immediately affects the brain. Moroseness succeeds amiability; and under its influence we do that which would shock our sensibility at any other moment. Or, perhaps, a gastric irregularity is the common result of an over-indulgence in wholesome food, or a moderate indulgence in unsuitable food. The liver is afflicted. In this affliction the brain profoundly sympathises. The temper is soured; the understanding is narrowed; prejudices are strengthened; generous impulses are subdued; selfishness, originated by physical disturbances which perpetually attack the mind's attention, becomes a chronic, mental disorder; the feeling of charity dies out; we live for ourselves alone; we have no care for others. And all this change of nature is the consequence of an injudicious diet.

Useful Receipts.

TO CLEAN KNIVES.—The most simple and best way is to rub the brickdust on them with half of a raw potato. There appears to be some virtue in the juice of the potato which aids in cleaning the steel.

BLUE COLOR.—The following is given as a method of extracting a blue color from the straw of buckwheat:

The straw should be gathered before the grain is quite dry, and placed on the ground in the sun, until it becomes sufficiently dry to be taken from the husks with facility. The wheat having been removed, the straw is piled up, moistened, and left to ferment until it is in a state of decomposition, when it will become of a blue color. This indicates the period when it should be gathered and formed into cakes, which are to be dried in the sun or in a stove. On these cakes being boiled in water, the water assumes a strong blue color, which will not change in sulphuric acid. It may, however, be turned into red with alkali, into a light black with bruised nut galls, and into a beautiful green by evaporation. Stuffs dyed blue with this solution, which is to be used in the same way as vegetable matters of a similar species employed in dying, become of a beautiful and durable color.

TO NEUTRALIZE THE BAD EFFECTS OF LEADEN CISTERNS.—Sulphate of soda, or common Glauber's salt, is as good as anything that can be employed. A few applications will be found sufficient; it will form with all the lead that may be contained in the water an insoluble precipitate, which, creating a crust on the surface of the cistern, will protect the latter from the further action of the water.

HOW TO MAKE BEER FROM MALT.—I would say, at the start, to make good Malt Beer is no Small Beer affair; and I am afraid I shall make my article too long in attempting the task of describing the process. In making malt beer, it will be found a very different process to that of making the different kinds of small beer usually made throughout the country. I presume it is wished to make beer for family use only, and I think that a good keeping article cannot well be got up in summer. I will give my practice in the premises, and would recommend to brew spring and fall—about the last of October and about the first of March.

My utensils consist of a mash tub and a fermenting tub, each large enough to hold all I want to brew, and two kettles—one kettle is sufficient if you have it large, as the kettle should hold considerably more than you wish to make. The kettles ought to be set in a furnace. A hole should be bored about one or one and one-half inches above the bottom of the tub, a ping inserted, and a bunch of hay, well tied around, placed against the hole on the inside of the tub—the hay answers as a strainer for the malt. Put the boiling water into the tub, reducing the temperature to 180 degrees, then pour in the malt, stirring it so as to get it thoroughly wet; cover with something to keep in the steam; let the water remain on the malt about three hours, and then draw off, having a second boiling of water ready to put on the malt. The second water should go on boiling hot, and should remain on about the same length of time. Put the first water drawn from the malt into your kettle, and to every bushel of malt used put about three-fourths of a pound of good hops, boiling them together two hours; strain the hops from the beer; set it to cool; put the same hops to the second water, boiling same as before, straining hops out through a wire sieve, or anything that will remove them. The first and second boiling may be put together, or kept apart, at your pleasure. As soon as your beer has cooled down to 65 or 70 degs., put in about one pint of good yeast, from a brewery, to every 40 gallons. Mix it well with a bucketful of the beer, and then put it in your tub, stirring it well together. It will work some 48 hours. The yeast may be skimmed off after it has come freely to the top—twenty to twenty-five hours after it has been set to work, and may be skimmed off every five or six hours after till it ceases fermenting, which you may know by the yeast beginning to settle down. It should now be skimmed and put into your barrels, the bungs being left out to allow the working process to be finished, which may last as long as it did in the tubs. The barrels should be filled up with beer every few hours, to allow the yeast to work out at the bung hole. When it ceases to work it should be bunged up tight, and may be tapped for use any time.

Here I would remark, that there is no fixed quantity of hops to be used to the bushel; after you have made once you may use more or less to suit your taste. I make about eight gallons of beer to the bushel of malt; but you will find that, with what the malt will absorb, and the boiling will reduce, you will have to put on from 14 to 16 gallons of water to make the eight gallons of beer. The malt must be ground for brewing. Quarter-barrels are the best for putting beer in for family use, as in that case you do not have a large quantity on tap at one time. It will be obvious to any one, that if you have a large barrel tapped, drawing out only a little every day—as will be the case with a private family—it will inevitably get flat before it is used. I have a good, dry cellar, and have no trouble keeping my beer good to the very last of every keg, and very seldom bottle any; but if your cellar is not a very good one, you may bottle the last part of your barrel with good effect. The cellar should be kept as near the same temperature, winter and summer, as possible; by shutting out the cold in winter and the hot air in summer, as changes from hot to cold are injurious. I could have said a good deal more on the subject, but I am afraid I have already made my article too long.—*Rural New Yorker.*

YELLOWS IN PEACH TREES.—I think the cause is want of iron in the soil—but whatever the theoretical cause may be, if "A subscriber" will carefully remove the earth from the roots of a tree having the yellows, and pour on them half a peck of iron scales gathered around a blacksmith's anvil, and then pour a pailful of water on the scales and replace the earth, he will cure the disease.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 1, 33, 14, 24, 11, 36, was a weight among the Jews.

My 2, 35, 10, 6, was the eighth preacher of righteousness.

My 5, 32, 9, 13, 31, is the place in which God's mercy and faithfulness are established.

My 7, 31, 27, 18, 3, was one of the great prophets who foretold the ruin of the wicked generation of Judah.

My 10, 33, 39, 2, 25, was a character among the most interesting to guilty man of any in the sacred oracles.

My 12, 15, 37, 30, 4, is one of the branches of the river that watered the Garden of Eden.

My 13, 22, 29, 11, is a country on the banks of the Euphrates.

My 16, 20, 26, 10, 16, was king of the Amorites on the east of Jordan.

My 23, 19, 34, was the city in which Jeroboam fixed one of his golden calves.

My 32, 21, 15, 8, 38, 19, was a noted Prophet and a native of Gilead.

My 38, 5, 19, 33, 11, was one of the wisest men of his age except Solomon.

My whole is the name and principal exhortation of one of the most pure and lovely characters of Christian antiquity. JOHN KENNARD, JR.

St. Louis, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 2, 6, 10, 13, 7, 23, 24, is the surname of one of the Presidents of the United States.

My 4, 2, 4, 5, 11, is used by all printers.

My 21, 19, 14, 24, 9, 15, 7, 5, 9, is one of the United States.

My 5, 16, 17, 23, 4, 5, is one of the grand divisions of the globe.

My 20, 2, 16, 21, 22, 23, 14, should be observed in all business transactions.

My 8, 23, 16, 3, is a number.

My 1, 5, 14, 18, 12, is a man's name.

My whole is an event that will long be remembered in the history of the United States.

Smithton, Va. S. C. D.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The day was fine, the air quite balm,
My second would seem apropos,
And as my first was stranger here,
My whole I thought to him I'd show.

Now soon we o'er a meadow passed,
In which were grazing cows and sheep,
One little one was tethered there,
My first the lamb did lightly keep.

You quick ones plainly see what's meant,
For slower ones I now will say,
My whole is used to make my first;
No doubt you've seen it many a day.

C. H.

ENIGMA.

There's a word of five letters oft used to express
The pleasures which mortals combine;
In a flatterer's tongue, in a woman's caress,
In a wager at cards, in a hazard at chess,
Or a glass overflowing with wine.

Omit its initial, it then is allied
To injustice, oppression and care;
Drop one letter more and it hangs by your side
As true as a servant, as true as a bride,
Wheresoever you go it is there.

Transpose its three last, and it glitters above,
Or quietly grazes the brute;
Transpose it throughout, it enlivens the grove,
Or in battle's warm strife, it commands you to move
Mid carnage, destruction and death.

Take three of its letters, and such is its fame,
A Turk will eschew it as evil;
Transpose its first four, and it then will proclaim
The high vault of Heaven, and part of the name
That Milton bestowed on the Devil.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four men, viz. A B C and D, together bought a cheese in the shape of a perfect cone, for which they jointly paid $3, viz.: A paid $1, B paid $1, C paid 62½ cents, and D 37½ cents. They divided it by cutting each man's portion parallel to the base. A agreed to take the base piece, B the next following above A, C's piece next, and D took the top piece, which measured in height 10 inches. How many inches in height did each of the others get? and what was the whole height of this cheese cone at first? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three men, A B and C started from the same point, to sail round an island 75 miles in circumference; A sails a mile in 12 minutes, B in 17, and C in 27. What is the shortest period of time they will be again together? A SUBSCRIBER.

Albia, Iowa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a promise like wine? Ans.—Because it improves by being kept.

☞ DREADFUL.—Why is a fresh-plucked carnation like a certain cold with which children are affected? Ans.—Because it's a new pink of (an hooping cough.)

☞ When is Congress like a hen? Ans.—When it's sitting, to be sure.

☞ Why is an old horse put up for sale like an errand boy? Ans.—Because he'll go for what he'll fetch.

☞ Why is food to a hungry man like half-past ten o'clock of a Sunday morning? Ans.—Because it is meat-in-time.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Lowe's proposed trip in a balloon across the Atlantic. CHARADE—Knight-hood. RIDDLE—Time. ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION—A had paid in $360; B had paid in $270; C had paid in $216; D had paid in $180; E had paid in $156; whole stock thus raised $1,182. GEOMETRICAL QUESTION—11 miles, 840 yards.

☞ With men of very vivid imaginations, it would seem as if the greater charm were rather in the shadow than the substance.—*W. Allston.*